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BENJAMIN WEINTROUB, *Editor and Publisher*

ALFRED WERNER, *Associate Editor*

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Contributors to this Issue

HAROLD APPLEBAUM is a young poet whose work has appeared in the newspaper *PM*, the *New York Times* and other publications.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN, formerly of the Sociology Department at Fisk University, is now a member of the Research Department of the Jewish National Welfare Board.

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE, a resident of Ridgewood, N. J., has contributed poetry to several magazines.

ELY CHINYOY is an instructor in sociology at the College of the City of New York.

OTTO EISENSCHIML, author of several important works on Lincoln and an autobiographical book, *Without Fame*, has recently published *The Story of Shiloh*.

MURRAY FRANK is an economist and Washington correspondent of the *Jewish Morning Journal*.

TODROS GELLER is head of the Art Department of the Chicago College of Jewish Studies and a celebrated painter of Jewish genre subjects.

ELMER GERTZ, author, lawyer, and journalist, is now at work on a life of Charles Dana.

CARL GRABO, Professor of English at the University of Chicago, is the author of *The Magic Plant*, a major work on the life and work of Shelley.

JACOB S. MINKIN, a frequent contributor to the *FORUM*, is the author of *Romance of Hasidism*, *Herod*, and *Arbarbanel and the Expulsion of the Jews from Spain*.

M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGUE is Professor of Anthropology at Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, and author of the recently reprinted *Man's Most Dangerous Myth—the Fallacy of Race*.

PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP, Associate Professor at Northwestern University, is the editor of *Library of Living Philosophers*.

LEO SHAPIRO, formerly Professor of English at De Paul University, is National Director of Education for the Anti-Defamation League.

E. J. SPARLING is the President of Roosevelt College, Chicago.

LILLIAN WACHTEL, free-lance writer who resides in New York, has contributed to Anglo-Jewish publications.

BROM WEBER is an instructor at City College of New York and Rand School, New York, a contributor to the *Nation* and the *New Republic* and assistant editor of *Twice a Year*. His book on Hart Crane will soon be published.

ALFRED WERNER is associate editor of the *CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM*.

ARNOLD JACOB WOLF is on the editorial board of the *Hebrew Union College Monthly*.

HAROLD ZYSKIND, recently returned from Army service in the Pacific theatre, has contributed to the *National Jewish Monthly* and has worked on Southern country newspapers.

JACQUES ZUCKER, internationally known artist resides in New York City.

Anti-Semitism in the Academic World

By M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGU

THERE ARE no signs in the windows of the temples of learning which stand in the green fields of Academe saying "Jews not wanted here," for that would be both undemocratic and untrue. Jews are wanted, for this is a democracy, and the institutions of higher learning in the United States are democratic. Hence, members of all ethnic groups, and nationalities are welcome—within limits, of course. It wouldn't do to "swamp" the place with Jews. That would only have the effect of driving away all the gentile support of the institution and increasing the hostility against Jews. Therefore, runs this typical argument, it is ultimately to the advantage of the Jews themselves that they should not be represented in noticeable numbers either on the faculty or in the student body.

It is not usual for presidents of American colleges to declare themselves publicly on this subject, but recently (August 1945) Dr. Ernest Hopkins, president of Dartmouth College, stated that the number of Jewish students admitted to Dartmouth is restricted. This, he said, was done in the interest of the Jews themselves. A book on the history of Nazi Germany which he had read made it clear that anti-semitism in that country was greatly exacerbated by the presence of a large number of doctors, lawyers, and members of other professions in the large cities of Germany who were Jews. President Hopkins was anxious to avoid a similar fate for the Jews in this country.¹

This is clearly the avowal of a moralist, and as Professor W. O. Brown has put

it, "The rationalization is a moral defense. And the rationalizer is a moralist. The rationalization, in the nature of the case, secures the believer in his illusion of moral integrity. The morality of rationalization is perhaps intensified by the fact that it represents an effort to make that which is frequently vicious, sordid, and inhumane, rational, idealistic, and humane. The semi-awareness of the real nature of the attitude being rationalized intensifies the solemnity with which the rationalization naturally partakes of a moral quality. This fact explains, in part, perhaps, the deadly seriousness of the devotee of the rationalization. Its value lies in the fact that it removes the moral stigma attached to race prejudice, elevating this prejudice into a justified reaction."²

The rationalization is not, of course, regarded as the expression of prejudice, but rather as the explanation of one's behavior—the reason for it. Few rationalizers appear to be aware of the fact that their reasons are simply devices for concealing the real sources of their antagonisms. They do not seem to know that thought is a means both of concealing and of revealing feelings, and that a conviction in the rationality of one's conduct may signify little more than a supreme ability at self-deception. As Professor Brown remarks, "the rationalization is not regarded as cloaking antagonism, but is regarded as a serious interpretation of conduct. No good rationalizer believes that he is prejudiced."

Even in the name of what they con-

¹ Reported in *The New Republic*, August 20, 1945, pp. 208-209.

² W. O. Brown, "Rationalization of Race Prejudice," *The International Journal of Ethics*, vol. 63, 1933, p. 305.

ceive to be "liberalism" it is possible for many academic men to maintain such rationalizations on the ground that "people" are not yet ready to lower the barriers against Jews, and that any changes in the unwritten laws governing the admission of Jews to our colleges must come slowly with the concomitant changes in the attitudes of mind of "people." Who the "people" are whose attitudes of mind must be changed is never clearly specified. The suggestion is that it is the American people. But this is patently untrue. The colleges supported by the American people, the state colleges, are open to the members of all religious and ethnic groups; exclusion laws or quotas against any group do not exist. The attitudes of the American people are recorded in the institutions which they support. Such attitudes are not reflected in the institutions which they do not support, the privately endowed colleges. The only people whose attitudes these colleges reflect are the trustees, the active governing board which determines the policies of the institution, and the parents who, approving those policies, send their children to such institutions for an education in the comfortable assurance that that education will be of the "right" sort. The parents of such children are of a mind with the trustees, and they are as anxious to see the college exclusion laws maintained and enforced as are the trustees. They want their children to know that there are social inequalities between different groups of men, that a Jew is definitely not as good as they are and must be "kept in his place." They want their children to know that the Jew is not a human being in the sense that they are, that they "belong" and the Jew does not.

These "people" represent but a minute fraction of the American people, but unfortunately by virtue of their wealth and position they wield a disproportionate amount of power. That power they undemocratically abuse to restrict the rights and privileges of other Americans. It

should be quite clear then that the "people" whose attitudes of mind require changing are the trustees of our privately endowed colleges and a large proportion of the parents who send their children to such institutions for an education. And if that is so we need wait no longer for the change in the admissions policies of these colleges than it takes to accomplish that end. Where the governing body is truly liberal its policies will be so, and if some parents disapprove of such policies they are at liberty not to send their children to such institutions. They are perfectly free to dislike any group of persons they wish, but they should under no circumstances be encouraged by our institutions of higher education, which are calculated to make better human beings of their students, to do so. It is a travesty of the name and purpose of education to do otherwise.

There can be little doubt that the anti-semitic policies of many of our academic institutions originate with the trustees. Until some means, then, is found whereby men whose quality is measured in terms of humane understanding rather than in dollars are appointed to the trusteeship of our colleges, it is as hypocritical as it is idle to speak of "changing the attitudes of people." These are the people whose attitudes control and determine the character of the college, who appoint the president, the administrative officers, and who scrutinize every appointment made to the faculty. The bankers, brokers, and corporation directors who, for the most part, make up the board of trustees of most privately endowed colleges, are not interested in change, they are devoted to the maintenance of the *status quo*, and the last things in the world they are interested in changing are their attitudes of mind, particularly their anti-semitic attitudes.

It is not the "people" nor is it the privately endowed colleges that are responsible for the anti-semitic practices which are associated with such institutions, but

a small self-perpetuating body of wilful men who have anything but a democratic view of their functions. These men are often virtually dictators who, at board meetings, ride rough-shod over the tenets to which in church on Sundays they pay the cynical tribute of their presence. These are the last men in the world who should have any part in the regulation and conduct of an educational institution. Their sphere is the market place, where the principle of *caveat emptor* is more appropriately exemplified than in the house of learning.

Such bodies of men could be dealt with adequately by the proper legislative means for their anti-democratic activities, and as a consequence it would not take very long to bring about a more democratic interpretation of the purposes of a college.³

It is unrealistic and hypocritical to saddle the American people with the vices and devices of a very small group of powerful men. There is, in short, absolutely nothing in the argument of some alleged liberal members of the private college that changes in admissions policies can only follow upon changes in the attitudes of "the people." The truth is that college administrations maintain their policies of discrimination simply because they do not want "certain groups" of the American population to attain the full rights and privileges, the status, of an American citizen. And that is the long and the short of it. According to these people there are "genuine Americans" and there are "outsiders," the former "belong" and the others don't. Hence caste barriers must be maintained against them. It is the maintenance of these caste barriers which it is the purpose of the exclusion laws to achieve, and it is this which explains the *numerus clausus*, and not the rationalizations which the liberal apologist offers for the conduct of the institution which supports him.

³ Carey McWilliams, "Race Discrimination and the Law," *Science & Society*, vol. 9, 1945, pp. 1-22.

As far as the faculty of the college is concerned it is evident that very definite limitations are put upon the number of those whose origin is from some minority group. It is sad to reflect that in considering a man for a post most of our college administrations pay particular attention to his religious and so-called "racial" backgrounds as among the most important of his qualifications. No matter how good a man he is otherwise, if he fails to qualify on these two requirements (generally "white protestant") it may make all the difference between appointment and rejection. It is difficult to gather figures in this connection, but it is safe to say that all in all there are probably fewer than 2 per cent of teachers who are of Jewish origin on the faculties of American colleges. It is obvious that an academic career is open to a pitifully small number of Jews, while of those who do succeed in obtaining an academic post, advancement is in many cases handicapped by the fact that they are Jews. There are, of course, exceptions, but these are few, and are for the greater part limited to the East.

One of the interesting results of this policy is that smaller institutions are often able to obtain top-notch men of Jewish origin, and at a salary two-thirds to four-fifths as much as they could command at other institutions were it not for the fact of their Jewish origin. In such smaller or out-of-the-way colleges it is a "talking point" to mention the fact that a candidate for a particular faculty post is Jewish. "Being Jewish we'll be able to keep him. Whereas the non-Jew, as soon as he establishes himself will be attracted elsewhere." It is sad to record that I heard this argument put forward as recently as October, 1945.

With respect to the student bodies of our technical schools, and more particularly the medical schools, the situation is very bad indeed. There is a very definite *numerus clausus* against Jews. The unwritten agreement which exists among

medical school administrators to limit the number of Jewish students to not more than ten to fifteen per cent is applied in every medical school (with two or three exceptions) in the United States. In all schools quotas are maintained against students of Italian origin, and in practically all "white" schools the doors are entirely closed against Negroes.

The reason given for the *numerus clausus* against Jews is that if such a limitation were not applied "the medical schools would be swamped by Jews." This is, in fact, quite untrue, but it is certainly true that the number of students of Jewish origin would be much greater than it is today. There can be no doubt that this would be greatly to the advantage of the medical profession and the public in general—not because we would then have more "Jewish" doctors, but because we would be assured of the fact that the future doctors had been selected on the basis of their academic and personal qualifications and fitness for the profession of medicine, that they had been chosen altogether apart from any considerations of race, creed, or color.

Discrimination against Jews often takes very subtle forms and is frequently rationalized in a manner which would do credit to a casuistical mediaeval schoolman. Here is an example. The practice described is far from uncommon. Some professors refuse to accept Jewish students for a higher degree on the ground that it would be doing them a disservice since, it is argued, they could not possibly hope to obtain a post in the field of that particular specialty—and the specialty is almost any specialty. "Why encourage them to go on when you know that there is nothing but blank disappointment at the end?" It is probable that in some cases this feeling is sincerely entertained, in others it is often too painfully evident that it is nothing but the purest rationalization. In both cases it serves to perpetuate discriminatory practices which can be nothing but gratifying to the forces

of reaction. In any event, the ends of learning and humanity are defeated.

The fear of "overcrowding" a profession with members of a particular group is often put forward as a feeling which is generated by the desire not to see the members of that group draw upon themselves the enmities of those who may consider such conspicuous success a pretext for antagonism. This is the argument of Dartmouth's now retired president; in much the same form it is one of the most frequently encountered arguments, a special case of the "some of my best friends are Jews" motif. Obviously it is in many cases nothing but a thinly disguised rationalization the basis of which is fear of economic competition, which in turn usually has its origins in a deep seated feeling of insecurity.

One of the most illuminating examples of rationalized anti-semitism in the academic world which has come to my attention in recent years is afforded by a passage in the opening editorial of a new periodical, the *Journal of Clinical Psychology*, which appeared in January 1945. This editorial is by Frederick C. Thorne, M.D., of the University of Vermont. The passage referred to is as follows:

A prime necessity is that clinical psychologists should themselves have mature, healthy personalities. Persons undertaking the responsibilities of counselling and guidance must also assume responsibility of being moderate and healthy themselves. Psychology and psychiatry are perhaps faced with special problems in that these fields seem particularly attractive to persons having personality problems of their own. Students with unhealthy personality motivation should be rigorously eliminated for the good of all. A further practical problem of importance in the selection of students involves the avoidance of undue representation of any one racial group among those accepted for training. Perhaps because of long racial experience with suffering and personality problems, certain groups of students show an unusual interest and propensity for psychological science which has both favorable and disadvantageous aspects. While disclaiming racial intolerance, it nevertheless seems unwise to allow any one group to dominate or take over any clinical specialty as has occurred in several instances. The importance

of clinical psychology is so great for the total population that the profession should not be exploited in the interests of any one group in such manner that the public acceptance of the whole program is jeopardized.⁴

The absurdities about personality may be dismissed for what they are worth. The really significant sentences in the passage are the final ones. It is "unwise to allow any one group to dominate or take over any clinical specialty as has occurred in several instances." In other words, Dr. Thorne does not think of citizens of this country as Americans, but as members of "racial groups." That is quite clear from the meaning of the words just quoted, and from his immediately qualifying disclaimer of racial intolerance. Interrogated by Albert Deutsch of *PM*, to the question "Do you know of any specialty that has been 'taken over' by Jews or any other racial or religious group?" Dr. Thorne replied, "No, I don't."⁵

The imputation that the profession of clinical psychology is exploited in the interests of a particular group may be a vicious distortion of the truth, and it may possibly be explained away by Dr. Thorne as due to the hurry with which the article was thrown together in order to meet a deadline, but there can be no doubt as to its real meaning. Dr. Thorne would wish to see a *numerus clausus* established in his profession, and the reason is that, among others, he dislikes and most fears the competition of Jews.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the reaction to Dr. Thorne's editorial views was an immediate and unequivocal

condemnation of them by all responsible psychologists.

When pressed to give the reason why they consider such a practice desirable, those who advocate a *numerus clausus* say that there ought to be some relationship between the number of persons in a profession and the social, religious, or ethnic groups which make up the population of the United States.⁶ As Dr. Frank Kingdon has recently pointed out, this kind of spurious logic assumes "that our population consists not of Americans but of a vast number of racial and religious segments, each entitled to legal and human rights only in direct proportion to its size." The contribution of Americans to the welfare of mankind is, in short, to be limited by a kind of racist bookkeeping.

There is, however, a glaring omission in this racial bookkeeping: The bookkeepers invariably fail to apply to themselves that which they demand shall be applied to others. The general rule which they seem to follow is that at least half those admitted to their ranks must be of their own color and persuasion. Catholics, no less than protestants are guilty of this racist bookkeeping. A survey recently made by Dr. Frank Kingdon of the representation of various groups in fifteen out of the seventy-eight medical schools in the United States throws a flood of light upon the policies of American medical schools. In the following table, which I have adapted and rearranged from Dr. Kingdon's article⁷ I have added the percentages for presumed protestants, the percentages of non-protestants, and the total average percentages.

⁴ Editorial, "The Field of Clinical Psychology Past, Present and Future," *Journal of Clinical Psychology*, vol. 1, 1945, p. 13.

⁵ Albert Deutsch, "Psychologists Attack Proposal for Quotas on Jewish Students," *PM*, Sunday, April 8, 1945, p. 9. The title of the article refers to the unanimous condemnation of the Thorne editorial by the Eastern Psychological Association, a branch of the American Psychological Association, at the meeting in New York of April 6, 1945.

⁶ It is worthy of mention that not all supporters of the *numerus clausus* are gentile. Dr. Morris Fishbein, Secretary of the American Medical Association, for example, is the leading supporter and apologist of this exclusion law.

⁷ F. Kingdon, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," *The American Mercury*, vol. 61, 1945, pp. 391-399.

PERCENTAGE OF GROUPS REPRESENTED IN FIFTEEN NORTH
AMERICAN MEDICAL COLLEGES IN 1940

MEDICAL SCHOOL	Protest- ants	Cath- olics	Italians	Negroes	Jews	Non- Protest- ants
Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College	97.0	1.5	0	0	1.5	3.0
University of Virginia	86.0	3.0	1.0	0	10.0	14.0
University of Rochester	79.4	13.0	2.0	0.6	6.0	21.6
Queens University, Kingston	78.77	13.67	2.16	0	5.4	21.23
Yale University	66.0	14.0	4.0	4.0	12.0	34.0
Syracuse University	65.0	17.8	4.5	0	12.7	35.0
Western Reserve University	55.5	21.0	8.0	1.0	15.5	45.5
Hahnemann Medical College	51.0	31.0	9.0	0	9.0	49.0
Women's Med. Coll. of Penna.	50.1	15.0	3.0	0.9	31.0	49.9
University of Buffalo	41.21	36.97	10.91	0	10.91	58.79
Tufts College Medical School	25.0	50.00	10.00	0	15.0	75.00
Creighton University	24.0	54.0	18.00	0	4.00	76.00
University of Illinois	23.15	20.0	5.0	1.5	41.8	67.85
Boston University	12.0	50.00	15.00	3.0	20.0	88.00
Georgetown University	8.00	65.00	19.0	0	8.0	92.00
Total Average Percentage	51.2	27.0	7.4	0.7	13.7	48.8

It will be seen from this table that 9 out of these 15 schools have more than 50 per cent, and in 4 cases more than 75 per cent "white protestant" students. In those schools in which more than 30 per cent of students are catholic it is known that either a significant number of trustees or other members of the groups concerned with admissions are catholic. The University of Illinois Medical College alone in this table (and New York University Medical College not cited in this table) seem not to discriminate against Jews, though Italians and Negroes are very poorly represented.

On the average 51.2 per cent of "white protestants," 27.0 per cent of catholics, 13.7 per cent of Jews, 7.4 per cent of Italians, and 0.7 per cent of Negroes are admitted to the medical schools of which

these 15 institutions are a sample. The color discrimination is here obvious: instead of 13.7 per cent of Negroes, only 0.7 per cent are admitted to these schools, while the favoring of the powerfully represented groups is equally marked.

A medical school, the faculty of which as well as its student population was mainly Jewish (Middlesex Medical College), has recently been ordered to close down as the result of pressure brought to bear through the Massachusetts State Legislature. The attempt, in recent years, to incorporate a medical school in New York City which would not discriminate against or in favor of any group was thoroughly frustrated. There may or may not have been an element of anti-semitism in each case; having heard both sides I am inclined to believe that there was.

If the situation is to be remedied, and remedied it must be, the public conscience must be aroused to a full understanding of the consequences of the undemocratic conduct of those who determine the policies of our colleges. This, in my opinion, can best be achieved by bringing the facts out into the open, carefully documented and dispassionately discussed. The

proper pressure must be brought to bear upon the institutions most guilty of these discriminatory practices, and the whole shocking picture presented to our legislators for action, for what is involved is not alone the right to fair treatment of any minority group, but the very survival of that scaffolding for the future which we know as American democracy.

MARGINAL NOTE

By ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

Whenever I see the cracked and broken shoes of the poor,
The mended stockings, the cheap and ugly cloth,
The imitation leather, the ten cent beads;
Whenever I see them paying hoarded coins
For an hour's forgetfulness out of a drab, grey day,
Or buying what cannot last but which they hope will last forever,
I look on the frame that we have built together
Holding so much of beauty, comfort, peace,
And wonder what beauty there can be for us
While starved faces pass our windows: or what comfort
There is in a world an acre square, while thousands
Walk down a thousand alleys to no home.
Or what peace means, hung up like a curtain drawn
Against our brothers.

And suddenly our acre
Is but an island in a raging sea
Under a sky that threatens all alike:
Under a gale that might level walls to dust:
Under a cloud that hides your face from me . . .

Roosevelt College

—LABORATORY OF DEMOCRACY

By EDWARD J. SPARLING

WHEN, WHY, how do things begin? No one knows exactly. All great thoughts and ideals are the product of the progress of mankind and had their beginnings sometime in antiquity when one man resented or mentally rebelled against the unjust imposition of force by another.

The fundamental ideals which form the foundation stones of Roosevelt College are simple: first, A teaching faculty shall be both free and responsible in the discovery and dissemination of truth; and second, Educational opportunities shall be open to all men and women regardless of race, color, or creed; third, A college shall be free to fill unmet educational needs in the community.

It was the application of these ideals at Central YMCA College which caused the conflicts between the college and the YMCA that ultimately ended in the demise of Central YMCA College and the birth of Roosevelt College. Since the causes for the birth of Roosevelt College are important, it is well to review some of the history of Central YMCA College and the specific issues involved in what turned out to be an educational revolution.

Conflicts arising out of the application of these ideals did not begin with my administration. The record is filled with conflicts from the time the Central YMCA schools were first started about 1880. However, since I am more familiar with the period of my administration as President of Central YMCA College, beginning in 1936, I shall deal only with this later

period. Some of the actual incidents causing conflicts between the policies of the administration of Central YMCA College and the General YMCA will give a clearer understanding of the picture.

On the second day of the fall term of 1936, a Negro boy entered my office and complained that the College was not fair. He said that he had to pay \$2.50 for gymnasium privileges and he was not allowed to enter the gymnasium. When investigation proved this to be true, and when we found that the YMCA would not revise its practice of discrimination against Negro students in the use of physical facilities, \$2.50 was refunded to every Negro student in the College. The staff and faculty of the College voted then to abolish all physical education within the College until such time as facilities open to all could be obtained. The Chicago YMCA to this day does not open its physical facilities in white departments to Negroes on equal terms.

When the first all-College dance was to be held in the fall of 1936, it was to have been held in a hotel which would not admit Negro students. The executive committee of the faculty convened and voted that no College function could be held in any place where all students were not admitted on equal terms. This rule was adopted by the entire faculty and remained in force for the life of Central YMCA College. This has been perpetuated by Roosevelt College.

In January of 1937, a student complained about the incompetence of a teacher. It

was found upon investigation that the Dean had attempted to get rid of this teacher the year before but a Board member had interceded and the Dean was forced to retain the teacher. Since the man was incompetent and since the Dean wished to have him dismissed, the dismissal order was given. The Board member was in my office almost immediately demanding to know why the teacher was to be let out at the end of the term. When the teacher was not retained, the Board member resigned to become a trustee of one of our great universities.

At the beginning of the spring term of 1937, a Board member insisted that a text book, of which a minister friend of his did not approve, should be withdrawn from the classroom. When we at the College insisted that the instructors have the right to select and retain a text book, this Board member resigned at the end of his term to become influential in Adult Education.

After the first several months, the troubled waters were calm on the surface, except for an occasional disturbance. But each incident brought a deeper chasm between the two philosophies.

In 1937, the YMCA authorities attempted to have the College faculty salaries reduced when it looked as though the College might not balance its budget for the year. This was in spite of the fact that each faculty member had a definite contract with a specific salary clearly stated. The College administration was unwilling to reduce salaries. This was displeasing to the YMCA authorities since it was traditional YMCA practice to reduce salaries to meet deficits.

In 1939, the YMCA attempted to reduce their annual \$24,000 subsidy, which they had agreed to pay at the time of the North Central Association accreditation, to \$18,300. Through the aid of the Chairman of the College Board, this reduction was finally withdrawn. (It might be well to note that in the fall of 1936 there was a \$75,000 deficit at the College. At the

end of 1939 not only had this deficit been wiped out but faculty salaries had been increased to the extent of \$50,000. By November of 1944, the salaries had been increased \$100,000 above the 1936 level.)

Between the years 1937 and 1943, the College was developing its services and growing in its usefulness to the community. An undercurrent of conflict was to be felt occasionally, with complaints by the YMCA now and then about the growing number of Negro students. Since in every other division of the YMCA except in the College, the Jim Crow policy of segregation was practiced, the growing number of Negro students in the College became an increasing source of irritation to the YMCA. For the first time Negro youth had money for higher education (by reason of war employment). Since Central YMCA College practiced no discrimination, the number of Negroes increased rather rapidly, but what the YMCA feared did not happen. White students and faculty in the College did not leave because of this increase. These students were welcomed and absorbed into the student body, each one on the same basis of merit as every other student.

In the spring of 1943, two points of issue arose which caused great concern in the hearts of the faculty of Central YMCA College. The first of these came when the YMCA refused a \$287,000-endowment for the College, which was offered to the College for the purpose of establishing a much needed home economics program. This was refused by the YMCA on the grounds that it did not wish to assume long-term financial obligations for the purposes of formal education (this endowment was accepted by Northwestern University immediately after the refusal of the YMCA). The second point of issue and disappointment was the lack of action by the YMCA upon the recommendation of Dr. George Works. In the spring of 1943, the YMCA requested Dr. Works to make a survey of Central YMCA College to determine

whether or not the YMCA should continue to sponsor an accredited college. At the end of his comprehensive report, Dr. Works recommended that the YMCA discontinue sponsoring a formally accredited institution of higher education. He recommended that the College continue and go its own way, since it was fulfilling a definite need in the city of Chicago. The report suggested that the YMCA give the College all the equipment, books, and records, and allow a gradual separation over a period of five years, with the College immediately changing its name, but with the YMCA financial support continuing on a lessening scale each year for five years. That Dr. Works saw much of the inherent philosophical and practical conflict was shown by this section of his report: "The officials of the YMCA and of the College appear to differ on the matter of whether or not the College is sustaining and promoting the fundamental purposes of the YMCA. That the College is interested in fostering, in a broad sense, the development of Christian character and the Christian spirit of service to one's fellow men, is strongly indicated in the following statement which appears on page 14 of the 1943-44 catalogue:

As the happiness of the individual student and the quality of his contribution to the life of the community depend not only upon his intellectual capacity and vocational proficiency but even more largely upon his character, the College is seriously concerned with the character development of its students. It takes the view, however, that sound character implies above all the habit of intelligent conduct—conduct that has desirable social outcomes. The College aims to equip each of its students with rational criteria for the making of right choices. In the classroom, in the college assemblies, in interviews between counselors and students, and in extra-curricular activities, the College seeks to develop character by placing a high premium upon personal integrity and socially-minded behavior.

In this connection the College's insistence that the members of its faculty be basically religious persons should be mentioned as contributing to that end.

"The YMCA also seeks the development of Christian character and the philosophy of service to one's fellow men. It is, however, traditionally a distinctly religious organization which, through espousing distinctly Christian causes, seeks to promote the ideals for which it stands. In contrast to the College, the YMCA's efforts toward the advancement of Christian principles appear to place more emphasis on the evangelistic aspect. Thus, though both the YMCA and the College officials are interested in the spiritual growth of the students, they differ as to the emphasis which this particular aspect of the student's development should receive and the direction it should take."

The YMCA filed this report of Dr. Works and never acted upon its suggestions.

In the early fall of 1944, an incident occurred which had real significance. A Chicago industrialist sent \$500 to the College to be used to make a study to determine the needs of Labor education. Many courses in the curriculum were designed to benefit the employer-managerial groups. When opposition to the idea of attempting to serve labor groups developed from the College Board, the money was returned to the donor, since it could not be used for its intended purpose. One storm after another, of varying intensity, ruffled the calm of the College pathway during the year of 1944. Some of the storms dealt with labor and general educational philosophy, but most of them dealt with race.

In the fall of 1944 in a Board meeting, a member of the Board demanded to know the number of Negroes in the school. Another asked about the number of Jews. Ignoring the question about the Jews, I did reply to the question of the number of Negroes by saying that we did not know the number of any racial group within the College, for every student was a human being at the College, that we did not count our students that way. In spite of my protest that it would be a waste of time and money to get the sta-

tistics regarding numbers of Negro students, unless the figures were used, and if they were used to discriminate against anyone because of something he couldn't change I would have to resign as president of the College, the Board voted to have the figures of Negro students obtained.

The number of Negro students was obtained and given to the Board at the December, 1944, meeting. During the fall of 1944, individual members of the Board talked to me at length, informally and unofficially, about compromising by setting a quota. Since such action would to me be unmoral, undemocratic, and unchristian, I told each member I could not compromise. And so, on February 7, 1945, the Chairman of the Central YMCA College Board asked me to get another job. It was interesting that during that conversation, he suggested I get a job with the Rosenwald Fund which was interested in Negro education. He even suggested that I go to live in the Negro district. I pointed out that changing the president would not change the character of the institution, for faculty and students believed in academic freedom and equality of opportunity as well as I.

In talking with distinguished leaders of various races and creeds, representing education, the press, business, labor, as well as social service in the city of Chicago, I found a unanimous desire on the part of all of them to see the College continue in its special service to Chicago through its democratic policies. Some of them offered financial aid. It was hoped that with this information the YMCA and the College Board would accede to Dr. Works's suggestion and allow the College its freedom.

After a few weeks, it became apparent that a friendly separation would not be possible, and so I informed the Board of my decision to form a new college which would carry on the tradition of democratic practice of Central YMCA College. The Board of Directors and the YMCA asked my resignation as of April 16, 1945.

On April 2, the YMCA offered the acting presidency to two members of the staff of Central YMCA College, both of whom refused. The executive committee of the faculty, upon hearing of these offers, voted on April 5 to present a strong resolution to the YMCA asking separation of the College from the YMCA.

On April 9, representatives of the executive committee of the faculty presented to the faculty a resolution asking for separation of the College from the YMCA. The faculty approved this resolution by a vote of 62 to 1.

On April 11, the Chairman of the executive committee transmitted the resolution to the Board of Directors.

On April 17, I resigned as President of Central YMCA College. My resignation read as follows:

April 17, 1945

Chairman of the Board of Directors

Central YMCA College

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Since coming to Central YMCA College as president on July 26, 1936, the faculty, the college staff, and I have stood together for academic freedom, and equal educational opportunities for everyone, regardless of race, color, or creed.

During these nine years, it has been increasingly evident that the YMCA was not interested in furthering formal education and the kind of liberal institution in which the College faculty and administration believed.

The YMCA has also refused to accept endowment for the College.

During this past year the College Board took action seeking to limit academic freedom, and members of the Board, individually, tried to influence me to bring about a change in the entrance policy, limiting certain minority groups, particularly Negroes.

Realizing that the College cannot further develop under these auspices, and under these circumstances can no longer remain true to its pledge of academic freedom and equal educational opportunities for all, and being personally unwilling to compromise on these principles, I hereby submit my resignation as President of Central YMCA College under protest.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) Edward J. Sparling

On April 23, 1945, the faculty met and voted 43-15 to adopt the following resolution:

"NO CONFIDENCE" RESOLUTION PASSED IN FACULTY MEETING on April 23, 1945 by vote of 43 to 15:

WHEREAS, the Chairman of the Board of Directors of Central YMCA College notified President Sparling on February 7, 1945, that the Board desired his resignation;

AND WHEREAS, the Board's resolution of April 16, 1945, shows no just cause for the action of February 7, 1945;

AND WHEREAS, there is evidence to show that the real cause for Dr. Sparling's dismissal was a desire to impose racial restrictions upon the student body and limitations upon the academic freedom of the Faculty and Staff;

AND WHEREAS, there is a record through the years of negativism and uncertainty in the attitude of certain members of the Board and of the YMCA toward the College;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED THAT the Secretary inform the Board of Directors that the Faculty lacks confidence in the Board;

AND, BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED THAT, as the only means of repairing the damage which has been done to the cause of education, the Board of Directors of Central YMCA College and the YMCA of Chicago should declare that their agents have misapprehended the situation and that they should forthwith offer to merge Central YMCA College with Thomas Jefferson College of Chicago.

On April 17, together with prominent citizens of Chicago, I requested a charter from the State of Illinois to found Thomas Jefferson College.

On April 25, the student body met and voted 448 to 2 to ask separation of the College from the YMCA.

By April 26, there had been 53 resignations from the faculty of Central YMCA College effective as of August 31, 1945.

The resignation of Dr. Wayne A. R. Leys, who presented the no confidence resolution, was accepted as of April 25. On that day Dr. Leys joined me and has played a major role in the development of Roosevelt College.

On that same day the Board of Directors of Thomas Jefferson College voted to

change the name of the college to Roosevelt College as a living memorial to the life of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Since that time the College has formed the following Board of Directors:

Harland H. Allen—Consulting Economist to Corporations and Investors; President, Chicago Consumers Cooperative, Inc.

Morris Bialis—Vice-President, International Ladies Garment Workers Union; Manager, Chicago Joint Board of I. L. G. W. U. (A. F. of L.)

William J. Campbell—Judge, U. S. District Court

Joseph Creanza—Chairman, Department of Modern Languages, Roosevelt College, Acting Director of School of Music

John J. DeBoer—Chairman, Department of Education, Roosevelt College

Edwin R. Embree—Chairman, Board of Directors, Roosevelt College; President, Julius Rosenwald Fund

Lowell F. Huelster—Treasurer, Roosevelt College, Dean of the School of Commerce

Henry C. Johnson—Professor of English, Roosevelt College

Ken Hunter—Midwestern Representative of "Steel Labor," United Steel Workers of America

Percy L. Julian—Vice-Chairman, Board of Directors, Roosevelt College; Director of Research, Soybean Division, The Glidden Company

Leo A. Lerner—Editor, Myers Newspapers

Wayne A. R. Leys—Secretary, Board of Directors, Roosevelt College; Dean of Faculties, Roosevelt College

Arnold H. Maremont—Executive Vice-President, Maremont Automotive Products, Inc.

Frank W. McCulloch—Director, The James Mullenbach Industrial Institute

John E. McGrath—Reporter, The Chicago Sun

Floyd W. Reeves—Professor of Administration, The University of Chicago

Edward J. Sparling—President, Roosevelt College

Our distinguished Advisory Board consists of the following members:

Flora J. Cooke—Principal Emeritus, Francis W. Parker School

Marshall Field—Editor and Publisher, The Chicago Sun

Murray D. Lincoln—President, Cooperative League of the U. S.

Thomas Mann—Author

Philip Murray—President, Congress of Industrial Organizations

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Leonard D. White—Professor of Public Administration, The University of Chicago; formerly Civil Service Commissioner of the U. S.

The control of the College is thus placed in the hands of the Board of Directors and the advisers who are representatives of most of the basic human divisions of our society. The Board thus is balanced and the College is assured that no one element in our society will attempt to control the College for the benefit of its particular group. The biased representation of business and capital, which has constituted most of the boards of directors of our colleges and universities, throughout the country, does not and will not hamper the development of Roosevelt College. The faculty is free to teach the truth as it finds it and the students are free to learn, regardless of race, color, or creed.

The College under these auspices has developed more rapidly than any institution of which we have been able to learn in the history of education. A building has been acquired at 231 South Wells Street where there is 80,000 square feet of college space and a Music School with 14,000 square feet is located in the Crown Building, 218 South Wabash Avenue.

During the first semester we had 1,416 students in the final registration. There will be 2,500 students the second semester. Of these 2,500 there will be at least 1,000 veterans from all theaters of war.

Roosevelt College was dedicated by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt on November 16, 1945, at a dinner for 1,600 guests at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. In the following words Mrs. Roosevelt was called upon to dedicate the College.

The college was incorporated in the State of Illinois on April 17, 1945, as Thomas Jefferson College. That name was chosen because Thomas Jefferson has stood for democracy and equal opportunity since his immortal words in the Declaration of Independence.

Our application for the original charter was in the mail on the day of President Roosevelt's death. The charter was granted on April 17, 1945, and public announcement was made to the country of the founding of Thomas Jefferson College. Immediately, from East, West, and Midwest—by telephone, telegraph, and letters requests came to rename the college—Roosevelt College. Simultaneously, the same inspiration came to members of the Board of Directors and faculty—for President Franklin Roosevelt had lived and died for the principles upon which this college was founded. On April 26, 1945, Thomas Jefferson College was renamed Roosevelt College as a living memorial to the life and works of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The cornerstone before us is to be used in the memorial building of the Roosevelt College of the future and contains the following:

1. A photostatic copy of the charter.
2. A photostatic copy of the first check received.
3. A microfilm of the Founders' Scroll containing all the names of persons through whose efforts the college has been founded.

We are greatly honored tonight by your presence, Mrs. Roosevelt, not only because you are the wife of the man for whom the college was named, but because you, through your works have been and are an inspiration and an example to all who believe in and strive to practice the democratic way of life. And now, on this day, November 16, 1945, I, Edward James Sparling, as President of Roosevelt College, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Board of Directors and the faculty, request that you, Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, dedicate Roosevelt College.

Mrs. Roosevelt dedicated the college with the following words:

"Roosevelt College of Chicago was founded to 'provide educational opportunities for persons of both sexes and of various races on equal terms' and to 'maintain a teaching faculty which is both free and responsible in the discovery and dissemination of truth.'

"I, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, dedicate Roosevelt College of Chicago to the fulfillment of these dynamic principles; to the enlightenment of the human spirit through the constant search for truth; and to the growth of the human spirit through knowledge, understanding, and good will."

What Price Goodwill?

By JACOB S. MINKIN

“THE FEAR OF GOD is the beginning of wisdom,” says the old, though somewhat discredited book. But the fear which seized upon the hearts of the Jews of America is not so much the fear of God as the fear of anti-Semitism, and one may be forgiven for doubting whether wisdom lies in that direction. It must be admitted however that there is much in the present world's temper with respect to the Jews to make them uneasy. Sixteen centuries of Christian “love” left the Jews a people of frayed nerves, easily frightened, readily scared, and almost tragically susceptible to the slightest turn in their fortunes. For anti-Semitism, it must be remembered, is not a modern invention; it is an old malady, one of the world's oldest and most persistent afflictions. Hitler had not originated it; he merely exploited it. He found the material ready-made and used it with all the ferocity of his malevolent genius. Discounting Haman, persecution of the Jews began with Constantine the founder of State Christianity, and it went merrily on ever after with scarcely a lull.

Malachai and the other prophets assured their people that no harm would befall them, but their guarantee was dismally contradicted by the Jews' tragic history. The Jews find no particular satisfaction in reminding the world of humanity's crime against them but, to say the least, it is somewhat disappointing that after nearly two thousand years of suffering, few voices have arisen to cry out against it. The world was silent when the fury of the enemy struck with torture and death, when the scheme of extermination was carried out with de-

liberation and on schedule, when community after community unarmed and unable to defend themselves went to destruction with nought but their old prayers and ancient laments to comfort them. The world was silent, its heart was frozen, its sympathy dried up when, had it spoken, the catastrophe might have been averted, at least mitigated, and thousands saved. There was protest and indignation from a few high-minded individuals, but no united effort, no corporate resistance, no sweeping tide of moral wrath to stay the hand of the slayer.

Hitler destroyed a third of the Jews of the world, destroyed them by the most horrible mechanized tools of destruction of an atomic age, and what is left in Europe are hordes of broken homeless individuals who will carry their scars of suffering for life and transmit them to the coming generations. Statistics is a gloomy science when it is occupied with the business of counting the dead and the maimed, but the Jews must figure their dead to the last corpse so that the world may be impressed with the immensity of their losses. Still, the world is not impressed; it refuses to be pacified, as if six million dead are not sufficient atonement for the few that remained. Other peoples besides the Jews suffered at the hand of Hitler, but they are crowned by their sorrow and glorified by their agony; the Jews' martyrdom alone remains unrequited and uncompensated, happy if only it escapes mockery.

But mockery it does not escape. Indeed, worse than mockery, for if any regret is felt at the Jews' misfortune, it is that the

misfortune was not made complete by the destruction of all their tribe. This statement is not an exaggeration when one consults the trial of hate and enmity against the Jews Hitler left behind him in Europe, in Argentine, and even in this very country. It is not an exaggeration when one consults the Jews fleeing from Poland which turned into a slaughter house for them, her own statesmen confessing their inability to check the savage fury against the surviving Nazi victims. It is not an overstatement when one reads of the wild cheers with which Moseley's emergence from obscurity was greeted by his London anti-Semitic followers. The statement is not far off the mark when one considers that fair, beloved, and benevolent England which was first to recognize the Jews' historic right to Palestine and was appointed guardian but not master of her destiny, stands now armed at her gates so that none desperately in need of her may enter.

The Jews of the United States were annoyed, irritated, and even troubled by the manifestations of anti-Semitism before the war. They bore with patience the demagogues, the charlatans, the hate mongers, the panderers of race and religious prejudices on the street corners, on the radio, and in the press. They bore their humiliation with patience because of their belief that it was a temporary disease, a malady which would soon pass away, because of their blind faith in the curative process of education and religion. In the not too distant past, Jews had comforted themselves with the thought that anti-Semitism, at least in its crudest forms, was limited to the vulgar and the malevolent, and that the intelligent and educated classes of society were, or pretended to be, ashamed of it. Even in Russia, until recently the classical land of pogroms, the attacks on Jews were carried out by the ignorant and illiterate *muzhiks*; the so-called intelligentsia kept itself discreetly in the background. What

is most disquieting about present-day anti-Semitism is that it is no longer an affair of the vulgar and the ignorant but of the so-called educated and intelligent classes as well. The literacy test has failed, at least it cannot be applied to the malice and prejudice against the Jews. Knowledge and learning cannot be quoted as barriers to racial and religious animosities. They failed when the test came. They did not stem the tide; they did not prevent the fire from spreading; in many instances they added fuel to the conflagration. Germany will forever remain the classical illustration, the Germany from which came much of our science, a great deal of our philosophy, and no little of our finest music.

Religion, or what goes by its name, is a painful disappointment to the Jews. Moral leadership, at least as far as its relation to the Jews is concerned, has departed from it. The churches were silent, or protested meekly, when the volcano of hate and persecution engulfed almost all the Jews of Europe. They might have accomplished little had they spoken out bravely, courageously, fearlessly, for the fury of the madman would not be checked, but they would have saved their own conscience and brought no little comfort to the martyred. The German churches extolled Hitler, subscribed to his doctrine, and approved of his policies no less than the wild shrieking mobs. With few exceptions, there was not a single vigorous expression against the savage German hatred, not a finger lifted to stop the orgy of slaughter, not the record of a single German minister of religion who was sent to a concentration camp or to his death for shielding or protecting a Jew. The German Evangelical Church had her quarrels with Hitler, but not on the score of the Jews. On this issue she remained diplomatically silent so as not to risk her neck, so to say.

Poor, credulous, blindfolded Jews! Earnestly had they hoped that the war with

its tragic toll of blood and sacrifice would silence what suspicion or mistrust was raised against them. For had they not answered its challenge loyally and faithfully, or are not thousands of graves in the jungles of the Pacific, on the beaches and battlefields of Europe, Asia, and Africa marked with the symbol of their faith? But little did they know that the war was only an interruption but not a cessation of the hostilities against them, that no sooner would it be ended, than the old wearisome struggle would be revived again. Optimists believed the legend that there was no anti-Semitism in the fox-holes, but facts belied their blind faith. The story is sad and tragic. It comes from every theatre of the war and arm of service. It is a story of pain and humiliation which only now can be told. Jews had to conceal their identity to escape persecution, to change their names not to be mocked at. "Half the Jewish men on our ship," tells a Jewish chaplain returning from the Pacific, "chose to keep their Jewish identity secret because they saw how those who were known Jews were treated." As far as the Jews are concerned, the war changed nothing. Returning Jewish war heroes find the American scene in much the same condition as they had left it. The pattern and technique are the same, as are the methods employed for their suppression. They find themselves discriminated against in business, handicapped in the professions, and all but excluded from the colleges and universities.

How the world is shrinking for the Jew! One glance at the map will show how country after country is becoming ever more inhospitable to him. Twenty centuries of wandering left the Jews precisely where they were when the Roman soldier thrust a burning torch into the precincts of the Holy temple and let the Jews loose upon a world that did not want them. When the Jews were about to be driven from Spain, Christopher Colum-

bus, maintained by some to have been a Jew, and therefore retaining the Jew's instinct for self-preservation, discovered a new world on the very eve of their expulsion. There are few places on earth where the Jew should feel himself at home as much as in America. He was among the first voyagers, among the first to set foot upon the shores of this continent, among the first to trade with the Indians, and, indeed, a whole library of books might be collected which set out to "prove" that the Indians were but Jews in disguise, or blood relations of the Ten Lost Tribes. But it avails him nothing. A new aristocracy appeared on the scene, Pilgrim Fathers of so-called Nordic descent, and the Jew was put in his place. There are enough Jews in New York to swing a Presidential election, but it is in New York where the Jew is discriminated against most, where their cemeteries are polluted, their synagogues desecrated, and their children unsafe on the streets.

Modern anti-Semitism is more of a psychological than a logical problem, based on an emotion rather than proved facts. The hatred against the Jews cannot be explained by any rule or method of reason. The old complaint might be explained, even understood, though not justified, but the so-called modern grievance remains inexplicable. In the old compact medieval society the Jew was a stranger, an anomaly the Church-disciplined mind could not comprehend, least of all, sympathize with. He was different; he did not belong; his very presence in its midst was a paradox, although in point of residence he belonged to the oldest inhabitants of Europe. Between the Jew and the world he lived in was a wall of religion, ritual and mores which could not be bridged over. He lived in a society of his own; although physically living and dealing with the Gentiles, spiritually they were continents apart. They did not worship the same God, they did not acknowledge the same loyalties,

they were not guided by the same laws. The Jew not only had his own theology and jurisprudence but also his own social and personal ethic which ruled and guided his life. The Torah was his cement as well as his insulator, both his fortress and his cage; it saved him from becoming submerged in his environment, but it also isolated him from it.

The medieval world did not know the Jew. How could it when what knowledge it had about him came from the priests, and they were set violently against him. The medieval mind was credulous and superstitious, it believed in ghosts and demons, and in the Jew, considered half human and half devil, it found a being on which it could exercise its wildest phantasies. To the medieval Christian world the character and personality of the Jew were always something of a mystery. Fear and terror clung to his name. He was held to be a sorcerer, master of the occult sciences, the devil incarnate. The Cross of Calvary hung like a shadow over him. He was not only not a Christian but legend made him guilty of plotting the destruction of Christianity. Stories were circulated about him which confirmed these beliefs. The crude and savage simplicity of the masses had not found it difficult to trust the most impossible fables set in motion against him. To hate the Jew, to molest and persecute him, was taught as the pious act of a good Christian. Who can count the numbers of Jews slain for such trumped-up charges as poisoning the wells, spreading of epidemics, ritual murder, and crucifying Jesus by stabbing consecrated wafers? Ridiculous as these superstitions seem now, they were credulously believed in an age when the Jew was suspected of being in league with Satan. Hence the cruelties, the barbarities, and the almost unbelievable savagery practiced against him which a more enlightened world would have us forget.

Modern anti-Semitism came as a stun-

ning blow to the Jew because of its utter unreasonableness. The Jew is no longer a mystery to the world, the myth of his secrecy has been largely dispelled. Many of the ancient barriers which separated the Jew from the world have vanished, and with them, alas, his spiritual horizons. He can no longer claim uniqueness in anything, not even in his religion, for what is the religion of the ultra-modern Jew if not a slightly modified Unitarianism? The Torah with its rites and rituals, with its customs and observances, was the spiritual cement which held the Jews together. It gave consistency and stability to lives which outwardly were never secure. But that cement is fast crumbling and falling to pieces like a dismantled fortress. The Jew has taken on the color of his environment. There is almost nothing to distinguish him from his Gentile surroundings. What spiritual triumphs Jews scored in the past, they are comparatively barren today. Christianity need not fear her contact with the Jew. Judaism's loss has been far greater than that of the Church. To meet the challenge of the world, the Jew lives, thinks, and acts with the accent on the present, grappling with the problems of the hour unaided by the light of his religion.

Contrasted with his Gentile neighbors, there is little for which the Jew may hold himself guilty. He reflects both the vices and the virtues of his environment. The moral atmosphere in which he lives has been created for and not by him. He has not shaped the politics of the world; he had no hand in its social or economic wrongs; he has been victim and not author of the forces of evil which brought sorrow and devastation to mankind. Neither in the East nor in the West can the Jew be said to have had a share in any of the revolutionary movements which transformed the face of the earth. For nearly two thousand years the Jew may be said to have been dead to the world. What influence he had was not as a race

but through isolated individuals—Jesus, Paul, Spinoza, Marx, Lassalle, etc. There are indeed stones from Palestine in the foundations of our new society of which the Jew is proud and for which the world would not forgive him. Like rifts in the storm-cloud we love to remember the tenderness and compassion, the promises and the vision of God of the ancient Hebrew prophets. But the world has long since accepted the gift and far from blessed the giver.

Edmund Burke did not know the spirit and temper of the world to which he spoke when he said that you cannot draw an indictment against a whole people. For the Jews have been more than indicted; they have been maligned, slandered, and vilified for the sins or shortcomings sometimes of one individual. It is never the singular but the plural noun that is used when speaking of the Jew. Jews, like most human beings, are excessive in faults as well as in virtues, but while the former are remembered, the latter are never as much as mentioned. Even after the worst exhibition of brutality in recorded history our tender-hearted moralists remind us not to confuse the good with the bad Germans, or the Germans with the Nazis, but the distinction stops when cataloguing the faults of the Jews. There are countless great and noble Jews in every land and generation. Behind every showy, aggressive, and ambitious Jew, stands a whole line of men and women of pure hearts and saintly lives; but while the vulgar and repugnant become a proverb, the kind and gentle-hearted remain unnoticed.

The world prefers to revel in the fiction that the Jews are not divided into sects, differing in opinion, broken up and splintered among themselves into fragments, but that they form a universal community for some dark and sinister purpose. After the superstitious nonsense of the Middle Ages, arose the charge of "world conspiracy." It is not Hitler's invention, although

he used it with devilish ingenuity, and is likely to live long after not a speck is left of his scattered ashes. It shadowed the Jews for more than a generation and was but recently revived in the very land which made a cemetery for six million Jews—not by one of the Gestapo, but by a British top-flight general in the war against the Nazi criminals.

Great is the power of falsehood! But nowhere are its obscuring possibilities so enormous as when applied to the Jews. It does not have to be a particularly clever or subtle lie; it may even be stupid and idiotic, but when repeated often enough it will be believed by men blinded by fanaticism. Do not the vendors of race-hate read the newspapers, or have they not heard of our six million dead to believe seriously the ironic myth of a federated Jewry for the purpose of world conspiracy? Do they not know that far from being united, Jews are hopelessly disunited, divided alike in politics and religion. Have they not heard of the quarrels, the squabbles, the disputes and wrangles which fill the daily newspapers? Do they not know that the only unity existing among Jews is the unity imposed upon them by their enemies? There was a time when "orthodox" and "reform" sufficed to cover the whole range of Judaism, the whole field of religious debate and activity. But now these descriptions are no longer adequate, for we have religious groups within religious groups, segments within segments, indeed, each man a law unto himself, an interpreter and expounder according to his own light and wisdom. And when it comes to politics, who will undertake to estimate the number of divergent groups into which the House of Israel is divided? At a recent allied conference in this country, something like thirty-eight programs for the salvation of their people were presented by as many Jewish delegations. In the face of such division, such splintering of our forces, running all the way

from ultra orthodoxy to extreme radicalism and from enthusiastic Zionists to so-called Jewish leaders who regard a Jewish State in Palestine as a religious and political perversion, what cruel, bitter irony to speak of Jewish unity!

To meet the objections, criticism, and slander spread against them, it is the duty of the Jews to defend themselves. They must defend themselves lest their silence be construed as admission, lest the falsehoods circulated against them infect many other minds, lest, indeed, the Jews themselves believe the falsehoods and become victims of self-hate. In some instances, indeed, such already is the case, so that there is a considerable number of Jews who, out of bitterness and despair, regret the burden under which they suffer, would want to see it lifted, and regard with dread and active opposition the attempted revival of the Jewish national spirit as a prolongation of the malady with which they are afflicted.

There is, of course, nothing unique or novel in the Jews' resistance to anti-Semitism. It has become better organized and methodical in our own time, but its history is of considerable antiquity. Indeed, the Jews have an anti-defamation literature which is comparatively old and extensive. It goes all the way back to the Book of Esther and Josephus' tract against Apion, the Alexandrian scribe and traducer of the Jews. A minority group must be on the alert to defend its position against the blatant prejudices of the majority, and whenever the Jews lived beyond the borders of Palestine they were always called upon to protect their rights and freedom.

But it is in our own time, and not the least in this country, where suspicion, hatred, and discrimination against Jews are rife, that the need to improve our relations to the world about us has become pressing. Feeble or sporadic attempts to combat anti-Semitism had been made in the past, but of late the efforts

have become enormous. When one considers the organizations, the agencies, the meetings, the conferences, and the vast expenditure of money and energy, the enormousness of the problem and the steps taken to solve it will become apparent. There are at this moment two great problems confronting the Jews of the world—the displaced and homeless Jews in Europe and the problem of Palestine, but there are Jews in this country who can be federated for nothing else or give their money as lavishly as to avert what, in their opinion is, the greatest menace facing Jewry—anti-Semitism.

There are intelligent and thoughtful Christians who have joined in the crusade. They have seen the brutalizing effects of anti-Semitism and learned its lesson. They realized that Hitler's deep psychopathic hatred extended not only to the extermination of the Jews but also to every idea or movement influenced by Jewish religious or ethical values, above all, Christianity. On the political and economic scene, they see in Hitlerism and its American protagonists the spearhead of fascist reaction which, if unchecked and unopposed, would in the end bring about internal chaos and confusion with the inevitable repudiation of our democratic way of life. It is thus that the need of goodwill and interfaith fellowship is being felt by discerning Christians no less than by anxious and apprehensive Jews, and that organizations like the National Conference of Jews and Christians, the Council Against Intolerance, and numerous other such agencies seeking to improve Jewish-Christian relations, have come into existence.

But laudable as such efforts at goodwill are, indeed, desirable and highly important as they are, nevertheless Jews must be warned against their implied dangers, for without such caution, goodwill may degenerate into appeasement and interfaith fellowship into an invitation to Christianity. This is not an asper-

sion on the Gentile promoters of goodwill, for many of them are good, noble, and pure-hearted men and women earnestly striving for better understanding, but on the Jews themselves who, in their eagerness for goodwill, are not quite aware of the price Judaism is paying for it. It is no service to Judaism, and for that matter to the higher purpose of goodwill, when in its interests Jews insist that there is no valid spiritual distance between themselves and their Christian fellowmen, when Jewish teachers of religion go about proclaiming the "identity" of Judaism and Christianity, pleading with the Gentiles "We are You," when synagogues and Jewish institutions of learning lend themselves as forums for the propagation of Christian teachings, when from Jewish pulpits sermons are preached extolling the greatness of Christ and the beauty and saving value of the Church rites and rituals. To make Jews and the Jewish religion as inconspicuous as possible has become the philosophy of the Jewish practitioners of goodwill. The Jews have endured, and even triumphed over Hitler's "badge of shame," but will they, can they, survive the badge of identity which now their well-wishers would clamp down upon them?

For two thousand years the Jews have survived. They have survived because they felt that there was something in their history, in their religion, in their social and ethical outlook which was worth surviving. Moreover, they survived because of their difference from and not identity with the world about them. Is there not a subtle suggestion of the ulterior motivation of goodwill that the Jew must conform and be alike even in his religion if he is to be tolerated? And are not Jews themselves falling into the trap when, to appease and placate an unfriendly world they are ready to lop off one vital branch after another from the multi-millennial tree of Judaism? In a world governed by injustice and brute force, it is little honor

to Jews to be told that they must be exactly like their neighbors. To quote Waldo Frank: "Look back over Israel's centuries before and after the Diaspora and the pathos . . . is clear. Can you imagine a contemporary of Baal Shem, Rashi, Judah Halevi, Philo, Ezra or Jeremiah engaged in an effort to prove that Jews are essentially undistinguishable from their neighbors . . . ?" Whatever our political or social destiny, our spiritual destiny can never be secured by Judaism's identity with Christianity. Such identity would spell for Jews not life but death.

The outlook for Jews and Judaism is dark and dismal enough, but our mistaken philosophers of goodwill are making it even darker by sponsoring interfaith programs which cannot but bring error and confusion into our midst. What, for instance, must Jews think, and for that matter, intelligent Christians, when in the sacred cause of goodwill, a Jewish institution of learning ostensibly devoted to Torah and the training of young men for rabbinate, arranges and carries out among its allied activities a lecture schedule on Catholic saints delivered by crucified priests of the Jesuit school? Of what relation to Jews or Judaism are such heroes of the Christian Church as St. Ambrose, St. Francis, St. Theresa, St. Joseph Cottolengo, etc., men who either directly or through their followers, were among the most sinister agents of ill-will? What purpose does the glorification of Christian saints serve except to deceive and mislead Jews in the name of goodwill and bring them under the influence of the Church? Shades of our ancestors! Those sturdy veterans of another day resisted every pressure of the Church and stuffed their ears with cotton when compelled to listen to harangues from Christian pulpits. Shall they now allow their minds to be perverted and distorted all in the name of better understanding? Such may not be the intention of the Jewish apostles of

goodwill, but just the same, the effect of such a program is incontrovertible.

It is not alone Jews but also Judaism which is the great misunderstood of history. Anti-Semitism is the plague of Judaism even no less than of the Jews. All sorts of myths and fables are still current about the Jews' religion, perhaps the most charitable, that the Old Testament is nothing more than a mere preamble for the New Testament and that our prophets were but heralds and forerunners of Jesus. Christianity is being preached as having been the first to confer upon the world the gift of spiritual religion, and in the many books the writer has read on the subject of saints and mystics, there is nothing but silence on Jews and Judaism. The countless grand and noble Jews in every age and clime have failed to reach down to the popular consciousness. What does the world know of our great army of saints and mystics, the men who walked with God and lived pure and holy lives? And, indeed, how could it? What efforts are the Jews of America putting forth to inform or enlighten the world about them? Jewish saints did not advertise themselves, and even if they did, they would not be popular subjects for rabbis to discuss in the pulpit. The world's ignorance of our truly great spiritual geniuses is exasperating. It is all the more exasperating since in a large measure it is responsible for its easy susceptibility to the wild and fantastic stories current about the Jews. We surely cannot expect that Christian writers should grow enthusiastic about our holy men and dramatise them for the world when their Jewish fellow-craftsmen prefer to write the epics of Jesus and Paul or sing the Song of Bernadette and our Jewish theological seminaries proclaim the glories of Christian saints instead of the unexampled lives of their own spiritual heroes.

The American Jew is uneasy; he is deeply and gravely concerned about his

future, and with the forces of evil rampant against him. He has a right to be. But the methods employed to meet the problem are far from adequate. They are worse than inadequate; they smack of moral and spiritual subservience—slavery in freedom. Ahad Haam would have called it. No moral victory will be gained by denying ourselves, by making ourselves spiritually inconspicuous, by fading out into the world and becoming like it. We cannot survive days of great calamity by self-immolation, nor can we hope to gain the respect and confidence of the world by appeasement and flattery. Appeasement has broken down as a policy of international relations. It is worse than broken down; it became directly responsible for one of the most devastating wars in history. Appeasement is no less morally reprehensible when applied to our social relations. There is nothing for which the Jew has to appease or placate the world. If any honor and decency is left in the world, it is the world that should reconcile itself to us and not the other way about. We are not on the debit side of civilization. We have done nothing to incur the frenzied hate and prejudice against us. The root and core of anti-Semitism lie not in us but in the sickness of the world. The Jew is not faultless; he lays no claims to perfection, but, surely, measured by the great mass of mankind, he can well stand up to judgment.

Our fathers withstood the assault of the world with resilient strength. They made no attempt to appease or placate those who were arrayed against them. They did not resort in their desperation to the "saints" of their enemies for rescue. What power of resistance those sturdy veterans of old had, came from communion with their own holy men. They did not feel the arrows that pierced their flesh because they had an ideal large enough and close enough to their hearts to sustain and console them. Half, if not all our unhappiness would disappear if we still had that ideal.



The Ghost City—Lublin . . . From a Painting

TODROS GELLER

The Anatomy of Black Metropolis

By ELMER GERTZ

THE UNITED STATES has a heterogeneous population which assumes toward the complex problem of living together a provincial attitude. Naturally, such an attitude tends to aggravate the problem. Our factual and spiritual ignorance about Negroes, Jews, foreigners, Orientals, Mexicans and all minority groups breeds distrust, tensions, fascism, everything except democracy.

There are hopeful signs, however, here and there. Many Americans are becoming less smug, less self-righteous, less sure that the world begins and ends in their own individual households. Some are beginning to express curiosity about the nations within this nation, the peoples who make up the American people. Books are being written about the Jews and Negroes in particular—not simply scholarly works, but books that are popular in style. The magazines, newspapers, radio, pulpits, and platforms are concerned with the subject. Perhaps one day we shall have an informed, enlightened, and cosmopolitan attitude to match our heterogeneous population.

A book that will help to create the proper social attitude towards Negroes has recently been published by Harcourt, Brace and Company. *Black Metropolis*, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton, is subtitled *A Study of Negro Life in a Northern City*. The city in question is Chicago, second only to New York in the size and variety of its Negro population. In seven square miles of good, bad, and wretched dwellings are concentrated Chicago's share of black men and women, who constitute, generally speaking, the least privileged one-tenth of the nation.

A word should be said first about the authors of this striking book. Both are social scientists, trained at the University of Chicago and elsewhere. They had the benefits of an extended research project carried on by the WPA and the sage methodological advice and assistance of Dr. W. Lloyd Warner, an expert in community research who has achieved a great and deserved reputation for the studies that he supervised of *Yankee City* and *Deep South*. Dr. Warner would have preferred a colder or at least more objective and scientific approach than is exhibited sometimes in *Black Metropolis*. But Messrs. Drake and Cayton no doubt felt that a warmer and more human touch would add other values and compensations to the book. They conceive of their book as more than a library work. They want it to encourage the more effective forms of social action.

Certainly the long and strong introduction by the unresigned author of *Native Son* and *Black Boy* does not suggest a merely contemplative mood. Richard Wright regards the book with "keen pride" as "a landmark of research and scientific achievement." But he quickly indicates that it is the human aspect of the story that appeals most to him. Its setting, Chicago, appeals to the artist and the Negro in him. Chicago, to him, is "the known city." "Perhaps more is known about it," he says, "how it is run, how it kills, how it loves, steals, helps, gives, cheats, and crushes than any other city in the world." And those are the very themes of Messrs. Drake and Cayton. As Wright recognizes, it is no easy book. It sometimes requires an effort, a violent

resolve not to let old mental prejudices sway one. "This book," he says, "assumes that the Negro's present position in the United States results from the oppression of Negroes by white people, that the Negro's conduct, his personality, his culture, his entire life flow naturally and inevitably out of the conditions imposed upon him by white America." He blames White America for reducing Negro life in our large cities to a crude and brutal level of experience.

The centers of life in *Black Metropolis*—or Bronzeville, as the authors sometimes call it—are: (1) Staying Alive; (2) Having a Good Time; (3) Praising God; (4) Getting Ahead; (5) Advancing the Race. Some Jews might say that these are the centers of life among our own people as well. Others will add that these are the universal norms of existence. But in the black belt, hemmed in by racial restrictive housing covenants and other forms of segregation and discrimination, not to mention poverty and the plagues which accompany it, there is a greater intensity in the struggle to stay alive and therefore more exaggerated forms of compensation. "Negroes live in two worlds," the authors say, "and they must adjust to both. Their institutions reflect the standards of both."

There is a table in the chapter on "The Power of the Press and Pulpit," which illustrates the distortions of viewpoint which inevitably result when a people is robbed of its rights, pushed to the bottom of the social heap and spat upon. According to this table, the ten persons who received the most prominent front-page display in the *Chicago Defender*, leading race newspaper, during the years 1933-1938, inclusive, were: Joe Louis, the first Negro to hold the world heavyweight prize fighting title since Jack Johnson; Haile Selassie, the Ethiopian Emperor, whose nation was attacked by a white empire; Oscar De Priest, the "fearless" Negro Congressman; Jesse Binga, the Negro banker who was jailed for embezzlement; a colored Congressman, Arthur

Mitchell, who succeeded De Priest; Mayor Edward J. Kelly, considered a friend of the Negro; Colonel John C. Robinson, the American Negro aviator who served in the Italo-Ethiopian War; Benito Mussolini, the race enemy who led the attack on Ethiopia; and two Negro criminals. The list illustrates that a downtrodden people thinks first in terms of itself. It must exaggerate its own virtues and sometimes make virtues even out of its vices. The outside world is praised, damned, or considered at all only as it helps or hinders or otherwise affects the race. A top-notch black prize fighter means more than an Einstein to a people hungering for more than bread and thirsting for more than water.

Thus, when all the white world thought almost exclusively in terms of the world conflagration that was ignited by Hitler and his fellow-fascist aggressors, the people of Black Metropolis still thought largely of their own grievances. What was Hitler—any more than Hecuba—to them? Did it make any difference to them that the whole world was defending itself against a threat to civilization? They were Jim Crowed in the armed forces just as they had been at home. If the Job Ceiling was lifted and they found employment in places once closed to them, they knew that this was only because of the exigencies of war. They feared that with the return of peace they would once again become "The last hired and the first fired." They knew that even during the war, they were kept rigidly within the Black Ghetto. There was no dent made in the ring of restrictive covenants which circumscribed their movement. The seven square miles on the South Side became ever more crowded.

There is one basic difference, however, and it must be reckoned with or there will be explosions to rock white America. The Negro in Chicago and throughout the country is in a mood of rebellion. He is not prepared emotionally for retreat or resignation. Young and old, men and

women, rich and poor, ignorant and educated, all colored persons, generally speaking, are determined to resolve the American Dilemma in the only way it can be resolved: the right way. They are determined that there must be an end to the old wrongs. The Negroes, like all Americans, must actually be given the rights to which the Constitution says they are entitled. This means absolute legal equality, an end to all forms of discrimination, freedom to live, labor, and love like all humankind.

As the authors show, the greatest strength of *Black Metropolis* is political. In Chicago, no politician who aspires for high office dares be as overt in the expression of hate as Bilbo or Rankin. Politicians are all friends of the Negro and, for that matter, friends of the Jews, the Poles, the Italians, and all who cast votes. Rather than sneer at urban politicians for recognizing that the absence of prejudice pays personal dividends, we ought to persuade everyone that discrimination is too expensive in every respect, to be tolerated.

As Messrs. Drake and Cayton demonstrate by a study of sundry cases, all classes of Negroes yearn for racial solidarity. Sometimes in quaint or folksy terms and often in cultured accents, they offer "proof" that Negroes would go much farther even in prejudiced America "if they'd just stick together." More than one has said: "I know this much—we are divided against one another more than any race in the world." There is a tendency in this connection, the authors say, to compare themselves unfavorably to other groups, on the naive assumption that these groups—Italians, Poles, Jews—"stick together." They criticize their leaders for not pointing the way; their Churches, their business people, their organizations. Oftentimes they are pathetically unaware that all groups and communities, ethnic and otherwise, are split into warring factions along ideological, social, personal, and other lines, and gen-

erally for no good reason at all. Unity is a word, a shibboleth, a dream, a hope, a goal, anything except a reality. That is why there are Conferences on Home Front Unity (like the one to which so much space is devoted in this book), Committees on Civic Unity, united fronts, appeals and manifestoes everywhere to get together. There is the fond belief in some quarters, black and white, that the lion and the lamb can lie down together even before the millenium arrives. The goal seems to be to unite Taft Republicans and Foster Communists, the Gold Coast rich and the Black Ghetto poor, the ignorant and the educated, all sorts and conditions of men and women, in a sort of *Smorgasbord* of goodwill. Perhaps that can be accomplished; but this book does not give convincing evidence thereof.

We learn, instead, of the immoral conspiracies known as restrictive covenants, which have as their aim the reverse of social amalgamation. Read the long chapter called "The Black Ghetto" and see how much civic unity it suggests to you. Many otherwise estimable white citizens are determined to confine the Negro to his present living quarters, though the confinement is so close that an explosion must be the inevitable result. But these white gentry are not frightened by explosions. Some of them have instigated the dynamiting and firing of the homes and business of colored persons who have dared to move into white territories. Death, terror, and property damage have been the more obvious results; the destruction of community goodwill and the collapse of democracy at home have been less obvious but more fatal results.

Is there any reason for it, any justification? This book shows that there is none. It cites, for example, the conclusions of a survey conducted by the National Association of Real Estate Boards of "hundreds of the best posted real estate men in eighteen large cities" as to their opinion of Negroes as renters and home owners. It was found that the Negro makes a

good home buyer and carries through his purchase to completion; that he takes as good care of property as white tenants of a comparable status; that there is no reason why insurance companies and realtors and business men in general should not purchase mortgages on property occupied by Negroes. The man who signed this report as chairman is himself one of Chicago's foremost advocates of restrictive covenants. This underscores once again that prejudice does not require a factual background. The Negro-phobe, like the anti-Semite, is not intimidated simply because the facts are against him. The earth is peopled by Calibans because bigots create them, and out of desperate soil they are nurtured.

Black Metropolis proves once again that the ordinary educational processes are much too slow and ineffectual. The old complaint that you cannot get rid of prejudice by a law is actually a *non sequitur*. For what we are after today is an end to discrimination, which is different in kind from prejudice. Laws, if properly enforced, do minimize discrimination, and in time educate against prejudice itself. Statutes outlawing restrictive covenants, laws creating Fair Employment Practices, civil rights statutes, group libel laws, these and similar measures tend to eliminate discrimination, as Carey McWilliams has proved in an important and much quoted article. Few people will be persuaded by the charts, graphs, tables, statistics, case studies, anecdotes, eloquent pleas, threats, blandishments, and prayers of *Black Metropolis* or any similar book. Laws, backed by the police powers of the

state, will do far more to vindicate democratic practices.

It is not alone that *Black Metropolis* is on too intellectual a plane for the man in the street. You can talk to him in his own simple language and he will still ask you, as Messrs. Drake and Cayton realize: "Would you want *your* daughter to marry a Negro?" You can point out to him, from the accumulated evidence of this and similar books, that some sons and daughters have cohabited with Negroes, as witness the light-skinned non-Caucasians that one sees everywhere. As Messrs. Drake and Cayton point out, there are comparatively few *black* men; the Negroes here are characteristically bronze, rather than black.

Black men find reason for contending with each other. White men pause in their assaults upon each other to malign and maim black, brown, red, and yellow men. All the world is engaged in the renewing of ancient hates and modern grudges. Sometimes the sight of the open wounds causes one to despair. But despite everything that one sees or smells or suspects in reading *Black Metropolis*, a new world is coming. We have visible tokens of it in the United Nations Organization, the Nurnberg trials and other attempts to deal with war criminals, the Bretton Woods treaties and other world financial pacts. We go on, slowly, painfully, and often winding backward through muck and murder before returning to the forward trail. *Black Metropolis* may yet become an outdated document in a world as yet unborn that has at last learned to exile forever Cain and Ishmael, violence and hatred.

In the world-wide Roman Empire it was the Jews alone who refused the erection of statues and the paying of divine honors to Caligula, and thereby saved the honor of the human race when all the other peoples slavishly obeyed the decree of the Imperial madman.

J. FURST, 1890

Jacob Wassermann's Dilemma

By ALFRED WERNER

"... The most perplexing side of my life, that which concerns my Jewishness and my existence as a Jew ..."

—*My Life As German And Jew*

WHEN, LAST FALL, photos of battered Nuremberg, the scene of the trials of the Nazi war criminals, were shown in the movies, I could not help remembering that this shrine of Nazism was my last sight of Germany. On a late afternoon in the crucial month of August, 1939, our train moved from Passau, the ancient Bavarian bishopric, along the Upper Danube, in a northwesterly direction, towards Ratisbon and then, through lovely Franconia, to its capital, ruled by Gauleiter Streicher. Passing through peaceful forests and widespread fields, along romantic rivers, and perceiving at last the beloved silhouette of the Gothic city, I wondered who was the true representative of Franconia: the insane Jew-baiter who had made civilized mankind think of Nuremberg only with indignation and shame, or Jacob Wassermann who had described his native land and its characters so touchingly in *Die Juden von Zirndorf* (Dark Pilgrimage), *Caspar Hauser*, *Das Gaensemaennchen* (The Gooseman), *Der Aufruhr um den Junker Ernst* (The Triumph of Youth) and other novels and short stories. It was already night when the train moved out of Nuremberg; despite all my excitement and anxiety I fell asleep not to wake up before the next morning when the Belgian *douanier* noisily entered our compartment.

Poor Jacob Wassermann! Fate did not permit him to take that same road to freedom and redemption. He was murdered by the Nazis—yes, *murdered*, although the newspapers all over the world

reported that he had died in his villa in Upper Austria, surrounded by his family, and far removed from the frontiers of the Third Reich. "Ich mag nicht mehr" (I don't wish to live any more) he had said to Thomas Mann a few weeks before his death. *Taedium vitae*—the abhorrence of life was the real cause of his death. If the physicians told you that it was actually *angina pectoris* that felled the 61-year-old novelist on the first day of 1934, that disease of the heart can be traced back to the spring of 1933, to Germany's—his Germany's—headlong plunge into barbarism.

He was just celebrating his sixtieth birthday when the ugly Austrian renegade with the strident voice and the style of a drill sergeant was "taking over" the land of Kant and Goethe that was also the native country of Heine, Mendelssohn, and Einstein. Wassermann's solid oak desk was completely buried beneath heaps of letters and telegrams. There was a considerable number of people with decidedly Teutonic names among the well wishers, including those of so-called "moderate nationalists," now voicing an impotent protest against the criminals whom they had thought they would be able to outsmart. These "moderates" were now pouring out their hearts to the poet with the typically Jewish name, assuring him that, in their sincere opinion, he was and always would be part of Germany—a Germany that now had plunged headlong into the abyss. Far more numerous were the voices of his Jewish friends. Among them was that of old Samuel

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Fischer who had published his books (together with those of Thomas Mann, Gerhart Hauptmann and Walter Rathenau) for more than thirty years and whose renowned firm was fated to be "taken over" by the Nazis just as they had taken over a nation of sixty-five million people. A few letters came from "voluntary" exiles, from those who had left Germany in anticipation of what was bound to happen: "Come, leave your home at once, no matter how dear it is to you," they wrote to him. "Austria will be Hitler's next victim, no doubt about it."

Wassermann would have been received with open arms anywhere, for his books had been translated into many languages. He would have been welcomed particularly in the United States where he had lectured at several universities and where his books had been published by such outstanding firms as Harcourt, Liveright, and Coward-McCann, and where that eminent critic, Joseph Wood Krutch had been singing his praise for many years. Yet Wassermann would not, *could* not leave. What was it that paralyzed his feet? Was it impossible for him to part with his lovely house in the Styrian Alps (once it had belonged to the daughter of the composer Meyerbeer), that Tusculum with its costly furniture, exquisite marbles, tapestries, and old paintings? While he needed luxury for his well-being, since in his youth he had endured too much poverty to regard the beautiful things of life as superfluous in middle age, he knew them, after all, to be purchasable in any country beyond the reach of Hitlerism. Or was it the idyllic quietude of the valley and the lake that he did not wish to miss? He knew that he could find the same sweet solitude on the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Hudson River. What really mattered was something different: he, Wassermann, more German than even a Thomas Mann, could not expect to breathe in a country where another language was spoken, to work in an atmosphere other than German!

Die deutsche Literatur unserer Zeit, by Kurt Martens, a well-known survey of German literature in the era between 1870 and 1930, lists nearly four hundred outstanding modern poets and writers; about eighty of them are of Jewish origin. Of these eighty men and women, Wassermann probably was the one who suffered most from the tragic duality: German and Jew; from the dilemma of being an ardent German patriot, rejected by other Germans on the ground that he was—a Jew; from the frequent conflicts between his Teutonic background and his Hebraic heritage deeply embedded in his soul. Unlike others who tried to escape from Judaism, he bravely faced the issue to his end!

Born in the city of Fuerth, near Nuremberg, in 1873, the son of a small businessman, Jacob encountered the German brand of Judaeophobia for the first time as a penniless recruit in the German army, that "dull, unyielding, almost inarticulate hatred with regard to which the term anti-Semitism conveys almost nothing, as it gives no indication either of its character or its source, either of its profundity or its purpose. This hatred contains all the seeds of superstition and wilful self-deception, of fear of evil spirits, of priestly obduracy, of the rancour of the dispossessed and the duped, of ignorance, of falsehood, of unscrupulousness and justifiable self-defense, of ape-like malignity and of religious fanaticism."

For young Wassermann promotion in the army was out of the question—simply because, according to his identification papers, he belonged to the Jewish faith. At Freiburg in Baden where he held a small clerical position he was discharged the moment his boss discovered that he was a Jew! A lesser character would have followed the general trend, renounced Judaism and adopted a Teutonic name. Warned by his friends that "he would never get anywhere with such a typically

Jewish name as Wassermann" he thought, for a moment, of changing it to "Jan Wasman." Unsuccessful and destitute as he was in his beginnings, he wondered, in a fit of despair, whether he should not make a concession to the prevailing prejudice and, like Heine, "buy the admission ticket to European civilization" with his conversion to Christianity. But after careful reflection he rejected the idea. The line of least resistance was not for him. With the strong weapon of his powerful word he would force the Germans to open their Pantheon to him, to the Jew whose family had lived in Franconia for many centuries, and who would extort more thrilling melodies from the harp of the German language than any of his contemporaries.

III

The question whether there is such a thing as the inheritance of psychological features in the same sense as physical traits can be preserved by a group through centuries, will never be answered unanimously with a straight "Yes" or a straight "No." Since those ancient days when the unknown author of Genesis proclaimed "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed," many outstanding Jews have been inclined to think that "every Jew has within him the potentialities of a Messiah," as Moses Hess put it, or, as Waldo Frank said it, more modestly, that "to be a Jew has always meant to live a certain way of life." Rationally, Wassermann abhorred the idea that it should not be entirely up to the individual to decide what he wanted to be—a German, a Frenchman, a Russian, a Jew, and so forth. But deep within his soul there was a voice telling him that this was not the case. This fanatic of truth had to admit to himself that, basically, he was, not a German, but a Jew. While it was far from him to claim that the Jews monopolized the ideas of justice, truth, and liberty, at the expense of their Gentile neighbors, he could not help admit-

ting that Jews have always been pioneers in exploring and expounding these ideas: "Dass die Gerechtigkeit, nicht bloss als Idee, als Inkarnation des goettlichen Wesens, sondern als sittliche Forderung von hoechst ungestuemer Dringlichkeit das moralische und religioese Fundament des Judentums bildet, kann nicht bestritten werden. Sollten sechzig Generationen imstande sein, dieses tiefeingebrannte Geist-und Seelenzeichen zu verwischen? Ich glaube nicht." He firmly believed, like Moses Hess, that "alles Geschehen im Gruppen-und Stammesgedaechtnis aufbewahrt," constituting the "historische und mythologische Erlebniskern." (*Selbstbetrachtungen*, 1933).

In an earlier essay he talks of "die Ueberpflanzung der von Judentum empfangenen Messiasidee aus dem Religioesen ins Soziale," the transplantation of the Messianic idea, received through Judaism, from the religious into the social realm. Whatever may be said to the effect that genes cannot transmit any moral values, it is significant that this Franconian Wassermann follows in the footsteps of the ancient Biblical prophets, clamoring for justice—for redemption through love—which is the central theme of nearly all of his books. All personages in his novels are yearning for redemption, from the Jews of 17th century Zirndorf (in the prelude to *Dark Pilgrimage*) to the heroes and heroines of his last novel, *Joseph Kerkhoven's Third Existence*. Self-redemption through the service of sufferers is also the theme of Wassermann's best-known novel, *The World's Illusion*. In this magnum opus, supposed to be a sort of kaleidoscope of life, the author treated most of the motifs to be found scattered all over his life-work—especially injustice, the hatred between father and son, unhappy marriage, and the sluggishness of heart; the hero Christian, with his burning desire to aid mankind, has features of Agathon, the central figure of Wassermann's first novel, as well as some of the character elements

of that strange Dr. Kerkhoven whom the writer visualized before he had to drop his pen forever.

Poverty, sickness, marital unhappiness—Wassermann knew these evils from personal experience; they are universal, shared by all members of the human family. But in addition to these common misfortunes there was, he discovered soon enough, a special woe—the problem of the Jews, concerning the Jews alone. Wassermann did not glorify nor idolize the Jews; in his last novel, for instance, he portrayed unscrupulous Jewish shyster lawyers without restraining himself at all. But the Jews' fate, his own fate, puzzled him. In *Dark Pilgrimage* he mentions the unfathomable, the contradictory nature of the so-called Jewish character:

"Sabbatai (the pseudo-Messiah of Smyrna. W.) became a Moslem, though some say only outwardly. The Jew became a civilized man, and again some say only outwardly. Some say that within him is the destroyer and seducer, that he understands the stage of the world better than its builder. This is certain: an actor or a true man, capable of beauty yet ugly, lustful and ascetic, a charlatan or a gambler, a fanatic or a cowardly slave—the Jew is all these things. Is it the times that have made him thus? His history? Suffering or success? God alone knows. Immeasurable vistas open before one's eyes, for the nature of a people is like the nature of an individual: its character is its fate."

This was published in 1897, the year when the first Zionist Congress was held in Switzerland. Had the twenty-four-year old author gone further in his examinations and pondered *why* the Jewish character had developed in this direction, and what were the forces that had moulded it, he probably would have come to conclusions somewhat similar to those of the men who, in the year of the book's publication, had met at Basle to rebuild the body and soul of Israel. But he wanted to challenge those who claimed

that a Jew could not be a good German author. He turned to specifically German topics, for instance in his excellent Caspar Hauser novel, the story of the mysterious foundling who claimed to be the legitimate heir to the throne of Baden and probably was assassinated by the hirelings of some German prince. It is a thoroughly German work of art, German in its spirit and its minutest details. In *Deutsche Charaktere und Begebenheiten* he collected sketches of German characters and incidents. The first of the two volumes was published at the beginning of the first World War (though beyond military age, Wassermann wished to serve in the German Army as volunteer; he tried to leave his home surreptitiously, but his wife foiled his plans).

Deutsche Charaktere und Begebenheiten was written for the purpose of inspiring the German people with the presentation of such glorious figures as Holbein and Lukas Cranach, Luther and Johann Sebastian Bach, Frederick the Great and Moltke. Yet for a German chauvinist it was a foregone conclusion that no Jew was, by nature, able to grasp German feeling and to understand the German soul. Deeply hurt, Wassermann compared himself to the workman who is not paid his full wages merely because his employer claims he is pock-marked. Through two famous characters in his novels the author expressed his own feelings of abysmal disappointment.

One of them is Dr. Benda, one of the most moving figures in *The Gooseman*. He is barred from a professorship because of his "race," and, since there is no place for him in Germany, he takes part in an expedition to Africa. On his return to Europe he is hailed as a hero and pioneer—in England, not in the land of his birth, Germany. Fortunately, he has meanwhile learned patience, come to understand that progress is exceedingly slow: "Humanity is but a child: how can we expect justice from her! Justice is as far from her as the cultivated garden from the jungle.

We must practice patience for the many generations that are to come after us."

Dr. Benda is the type of Jew who can take it—Waremmé-Warschauer (in *The Maurizius Case*) can't take it. He has neither the patience nor the wisdom of Dr. Benda when he sees himself barred from society and excluded by the state, with prejudice blocking his way to success. He could have chosen the long, weary way of Dr. Benda, that of fighting for recognition in defiance of the whole world of evil. But Waremmé represents that uprooted type of Jew who selects the "easier" way: he becomes a renegade, poses as a Gentile, hates his fellow-Jews, and sinks lower and lower.

Was there any way out of this soul-destroying dilemma? If there was one, Wassermann failed to present it in his autobiographical volume, *My Life as German and Jew* published after the tremendous success of *The World's Illusion*. He deplores, in unforgettably striking prose, the moral devastation of Germany, the inroads anti-Semitism had made in the country of his birth, and lamentingly addresses the anti-Semites: "Had not the air, the soil, the water, a common history, a common destiny, had their effect on the Jews and rooted them in German soil?"

Thomas Mann believed that his friend saw ghosts, that things were not half as bad as Wassermann had described them, especially in Germany: "Germany, at any rate, cosmopolitan in essence, receptive to all influences, ready to assimilate all forces, a nationality in which Northern heathendom and Southern longing are ever in conflict and in which the Western bourgeois approach and Eastern mysticism mingle—is this the soil in which the plant of anti-Semitism could ever take root?"

Alas, Fate willed it that the optimist Thomas Mann was wrong and the pessimist Wassermann right. On his visit to the United States, in 1927, he admitted to American journalists the vanity of his

endeavors: "I fought for my own soul and for the soul of the German world. Within myself I was always able to find new springs and reservoirs; but the German world refuses to yield. I could only adjure it, ever watchful. I had to insist that it pay attention to me. I had to convince it afresh of my own worth and the worth of my cause with every achievement. I had to employ the most fiery persuasion and the most extreme exertion where others needed only to beckon. It did not believe me. I had revealed myself too soon. At times, in individual cases, it deigned to view me favorably—through graciousness, or leniency, or because it could no longer steel itself against me. But this attitude never was maintained consistently, so that I was forced, with every piece of work, to begin all over that Sisyphean labor which always exhausted my strength." And on another occasion: "I have, under the goad of early forebodings, attempted to counteract, to forestall, this spirit through the pages of my first books . . . However, the efforts of more than thirty years have bequeathed but little with which to mitigate the horror of contemporary fate. Nor could they hope to."

Trying to find out why Wassermann failed would amount to seeking the key to the temporary victory of Nazism, to Munich, and the second World War. But at least a partial answer to the question can be given: Wassermann, with all his encyclopedic knowledge, failed to see that only a thoroughly democratic society would permit the Jew to choose whether he wanted to be a Jew and a German (or, for that matter, a Frenchman, an Englishman), an orthodox Jew or a citizen of the world. Even the Weimar Republic was far removed from that ethnic *laissez faire* policy that is now rapidly gaining ground in America under the name of Cultural Pluralism. Instead of seeing the plain facts, Wassermann stubbornly adhered to his fixed idea that he, as an individual, could force the issue

through an act of will power. A fervent anti-Zionist, Wassermann considered himself a Jew more from pride and decency than for inner reasons, and he declared that his solidarity with Jewry would persist only so long as anti-Semitism persisted in Germany. It was his great mistake to over-estimate the one hundred and fifty years of German-Jewish symbiosis at the expense of the preceding three thousand and more years of concentrated, undiluted Jewish life. After all, even the era of assimilation, dating from Moses Mendelssohn's entry in the world of German letters and ending with the burning by the Nazis of books by Jewish authors, was not free from disturbances and retardations. Poor Jacob Wassermann! It was his fatal illusion to overlook, more or less purposely, the economic, ethnical, and other "material-

istic" factors that shape the lives of individuals and nations, blindly trusting, as he did, the power of words.

While the Nazis were burning books, beating their enemies in concentration camps and preparing for the next war, Wassermann started to write a novel of Jewish fate down the ages, called *Ahasver*. It was destined to remain a fragment. Like Toller and Stefan Zweig, the sensitive artist lacked the moral fortitude and physical strength to survive the collapse of what he considered his world. But his books have survived him, and while the present generation will peruse them with more critical eyes than did our fathers and grandfathers, the men and women of 1946 will recognize gratefully his stupendous talent, his self-sacrificing labor, and the unselfish purity of his heart.

FEAR NO LONGER LIVES WITH ME

By HAROLD APPLEBAUM

Where once the clatter of the guns
Resounded in my hollow heart,
Where shadows of the newly dead
And ghostly friends walk close apart,
Where late the fearful spiders wrought
Their clinging webs about my mind
And lay in wait for homing dreams
To seek me out and never find;

Where once the prisoned soldier crouched,
Degraded by his love of life,
Now do the giant thews unfold
And rise to greet the end of strife,
Now does the dreaming of my heart
Burst sudden, upward, free
To seek the topless hills of home—
Fear no longer lives with me.

Homecoming

By HAROLD ZYSKIND

|| WAS TIRED and sore in every bone when I arrived home. The fatigue was not from the Army; it was from 44 hours in a day-coach without a seat. All the way from the separation center to Mattington, I sat on my barracks bag in a corner by day, and lay on my raincoat in the aisle by night. The ticket agent had told me that if I waited 24 hours I could get a seat. I wouldn't wait. I would not have waited five minutes for a feather bed on wheels. I wanted to get home. For four years Mattington was all I wished for; every time the synagogue sent me one of those mimeographed, news-chattering letters, I ached for Mattington.

My homecoming party made me particularly glad I had not delayed a day for a seat on the train. I had Joan in one arm and Mother in the other; Mother's eyes had not dried since I stepped off the train. Even my emotionless Uncle Benjamin seemed joyous; about midway in the evening he shouted that he was going to make a toast, and jumped up on the couch. The sight of him standing there in his stiff collar and bow tie, beating a fork against his glass and yelling for silence, made me realize with a pleasurable glow that I had left home a boy and returned a man. Uncle Benjamin had been to me the stern bachelor uncle whose stiffness and money always changed our dining room into a hushed museum on Sundays when he came for dinner. Although I later worked for him, his unbending reserve had encouraged my awe. Now he was about to make a toast on the couch and in verse, above all the noises of gaiety, at my party:

"To his past, praise," he proclaimed.

"They were great days.

But today counts most,

So today I toast—

MY JUNIOR PARTNER!"

There was a future with waterproof dollar bills and tied with plush cords of velvet. Dozens of people crowded around me, clapping my back. I took a quick shot of bourbon and went up to Uncle Bennie, who put his arm around me and grinned.

Nearly all my friends were at the party too, all clamoring for attention to tell some story of the old days: How Manny had plunged head-first for a touch-down into a big pile of manure in Welser's backyard; how Alex, with a pair of deuces, bluffed Robert out of a \$25 pot with a full house. The most ordinary recollection seemed funny that night. Reminiscing was gay, not wistful, for we were not lamenting the death of the past; we were celebrating its return.

No one had really changed. Earlier in the evening there had been some talk about our Army experiences, but we could just as easily have been telling what happened to us the previous winter at college. I remember that about 12 o'clock Dave, who was the only one still in uniform, tried to tell some story connected with LSTs and Tunis. Robert and I booed him into silence, and the war disappeared. As usual Manny passed out first. It was a wonderful party.

II

One evening about two months afterwards, an hour or so after we had finished dinner, the maid came in and said, "Tele-

phone for you, Mr. Harry. It's a Mr. Larry Haines."

"Haines!" I yelled and upset a little china dog on the coffee table. Larry and I had been in the same outfit for two years—in Brisbane, Hollandia, Leyte, and Manila—and had elected to live in the same tent, and had even taken our leaves together during the entire period. I ran to the phone.

"Larry, where are you?" I shouted. He was at Blakey's Drug Store downtown, on his way to Florida with his sister for a vacation during his terminal leave. "You just glue yourself to that phone," I commanded him. "I'm coming down to lead you out to the house."

We pumped hands in the drug store while talking in excited, jerky phrases about the wonderful Golden Gate and utopian separation centers. Larry's sister, Alice, was pretty, and as blond and blue-eyed as he. Hitler could have used a picture of them together for an Aryan poster. "Don't expect to see Florida soon," I warned them as I carried their suitcases into the house.

Mother called me into her bedroom that night. She closed the door and asked me in a whisper: "How long are they going to stay?"

"A month, I hope," I said, "but probably about ten days."

"Harry, they're not Jewish." Her whisper was half-question, half-statement.

"He was my best friend in the Army, Mother." I found it difficult holding my voice low.

"Best friend or worst," she whispered, "He's not going to want to spend a vacation in his sister's company. Where can you get girls for him and boys for her?"

Her tone and voice could not have been more grave if she had discovered me planning to rob a bank. I began answering in angry irritation but she put a finger to her lips in alarm, admonishing me to whisper. I walked out.

As I lay in bed, with Larry sleeping beside me, my memory repeated Mother's

hushed words. Each repetition churned my anger. Why had Larry and I become virtually inseparable when I had the choice of a score of Jews and he had ten times that many non-Jews? As I classified the associations in our outfit, I could recall only one or two that seemed to be set in the normal civilian context. I remembered the time when the notice had been posted in Manila that all Jewish personnel would be relieved from duty, where practicable, for Rosh Hashannah and Yom Kippur Services. I had tapped the bulletin board and smiled proudly at Larry. "How long?" he asked. "Two days each," I told him, though I wasn't sure. He groaned and said, "Where's the nearest rabbi? I want to join."

I couldn't remember whether we had ever discussed religion. Larry went to chapel one time during the two years we lived together; when he returned he flopped down on his bunk and said, "I feel proud of myself." I congratulated him.

I liked him for his easy temperament, his relaxed naturalness, and the scholarly attitude of his mind. Before compiling a report, he would search for details arduously and not stop until he had them all, like a woman getting dressed for a ball. Then he would formulate the pattern and write a report so brief that the colonel suspected him of loafing. He was invaluable to the intelligence section, but a year passed before his worth was recognized from above. He was able—by habit, rather than conscious effort—to keep his mind severed from his feelings when he was in the process of judging or reaching an opinion. In an estimate of the situation, what I would have called crazy Jap fanaticism was to Larry "the enemy's ability to delay our advance." In civilian life his primary interests were economics and girls. In the Army they were intelligence and girls.

Mother's whispered words came back to me: "Where can you get girls?" I catalogued the unmarried ones whom Larry might like. Excepting Joan, there were

four: Dorothy Sternberger, Nancy Levi, Frances Ellinson, and Harriet Schwartz. Dorothy and Harriet were particularly pretty; Harriet was rather coquettish; all of them were graduates of Goucher or Smith or some such college. Would they want to go out with Larry? I would find out tomorrow, but my doubts grew with each moment of reflection.

As for Alice, however, that was a different matter, I assured myself. The fellows did not call a pretty face by any other name. But Dave was the only fellow in our crowd who was not married or attached to a girl in the group. Then I remembered the shame of Nathan Blair's parents when he brought home a Gentile bride. With all of Nathan's bland self-assurance, he found it necessary to hide his association with her until the ceremony was sealed. Again Mother's words hit me: "Where can you get girls and boys?" Of all the hundreds of non-Jewish people in Mattington whom I knew in a friendly way, there was not one who would not have been incredulous if I phoned and said, "Say I have a friend of mine in town."

III

The next morning, while Larry and Alice kept vacation's sleeping hours, I went to see Joan. "All the girls are broad-minded, Harry—you know that," she said. "But it doesn't pay them to date a Christian, with gossip and everything. Why not just have a crowd over to the house?"

"Oh no," I answered, "Larry is narrow-minded enough to take a fancy to one of them."

She said, "Well, I'll take Alice out every afternoon and you take care of Larry. We'll just have to make the best of it."

I took Larry down to the plant with me after lunch. In the car he asked, "What's the female situation here?"

"The trouble is, Larry," I replied, "that

all the girls I know are engaged or married."

"There's always a new crop," he said.

"But I don't know them," I told him.

We rode the rest of the way in silence.

Once inside the plant he became absorbed in watching the linotype and the presses. I gave him the layout and told him to meddle as much as he pleased while I did some work. In about an hour, when I went back to check on him, he was in a huddle with the compositor. "Now take this letterhead job, for example," the compositor was saying, "this has gotta be plain, so we'll use Bernhard Gothic type on it." I looked at the copy; it was titled: "Jewish Veterans of Mattington." I remembered the job. Alex had given me the order two days before, and had told me I could deduct my first year's dues on the bill. Now I recalled sharply that Uncle Bennie bought nearly all our paper stock from Solomon Brothers; that I bought my clothes from Dave Goldfarb and that his father gave me their printing business; that Mother bought her groceries from Cohen's. I touched Larry's arm: "Come on, let's have a handball game." We had played together in Brisbane. He wanted to watch the compositor set the type, but I insisted. Not until we were in the car did I remember that I was taking him as my guest to the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

At dinner that evening conversation was flat. Mother said nothing; Larry and I had lost interest in reminiscing. He was talking about the intricacies of the linotype. Then Alice said that Joan had made an excellent report before the Council in the afternoon. Although I knew the answer, I could not check myself from saying, "The Council? Council of Jewish Women?" I felt ridiculous, but Alice answered without hesitation: "Yes, I belong to an organization something like it at home." By "something like it," she probably meant a good-deeds organization of her church—but I didn't ask.

Later when Larry and I were having

a late highball, I thought of the promise I had once made him of how we would empty the icebox of beer and chicken at midnight if he ever came to Mattington. Now that he was here, the living room seemed the only proper place to entertain him. Yet I could remember that when I arrived in Hollandia from Brisbane one air echelon ahead of him, I had reserved bunk space for him in my tent without any prior explicit arrangement. He had come into camp the next day, thrown his gear in the vacant space in my tent and said, "I see you took the room with the view."

Here in the blue-walled living room I did not know what to say. But I said, "If you had been born in this town, Larry, we probably would never have been friends."

We sat facing each other. Our drinks looked spiritless—the effervescing had stopped; a few bubbles clung silently to the glass bottoms. I could recognize in Larry's eyes the familiar contemplative signs: he was arranging details and formulating them before answering me. He lifted his glass from the table and held it before him.

A tardy bubble, stirred by the movement, sprang free and chased upward through the liquid. When the bubble had made good its escape into the kindred air above, Larry said,

"You're all settled here. I've got a month before I start the same process. I guess Alice and I will be shoving off tomorrow."

Like the tardy bubble, I thought.

I wanted to come straight out and talk about Larry and Jews, but I realized it wouldn't be any use. I made some perfunctory request that he remain a little

longer but he sidestepped it, and I got him started on economics. We were both relieved, and talked economics until we were too tired to think.

IV

At breakfast Alice seemed a bit embarrassed. (Larry had just told her to pack.) She said, "You can't celebrate when you're working, Harry. Why don't you come down to Florida with us?"

"Sure," Larry said. "Come on."

Mother interposed, "He's only been back at work six weeks."

"That's true," I said. "I really couldn't."

From then until Larry and Alice drove off a couple of hours later, we all managed to pretend that they were departing after a happy visit. When their car faded out of sight, I turned to Mother.

"Maybe I should have gone with them."

"And maybe you shouldn't," she said. "Maybe you wouldn't even be allowed in their hotel."

"That's ridiculous," I answered. "Only a few expensive hotels do that."

"He's a rich boy with that Packard," Mother said. "But you don't need to go looking in hotels in Florida for anti-Semitism. Joan could have gotten you plenty of girls for Larry from the Mattington Misses Club, but she resigned from the club last year. Ask her to tell you why she resigned."

While Mother spoke, a score of incidents—the hurtful kind that happen to every Jew—crowded from my memory to the front of my mind. They were like old scars festering into sores again. Although depressed, I smiled at Mother for the first time in two days, and I took her arm as we walked back into the house. Mattington owes Larry more apologies than I do.

Notes on the Yiddish Press

By MURRAY FRANK

AMERICAN JEWRY celebrated in 1945 the 75th Anniversary of the founding of the Yiddish press in the United States. In these tragic days, when the appalling loss of Jewish lives in Europe reaches into the millions, when entire Jewish communities have been uprooted and exterminated, and when Jewish life on the European continent is practically non-existent the anniversary of the Yiddish press was to be regarded as a symbol of national resistance and a desire for survival. It was symbolic as a day of triumph that the Jewish people had finally outlived the most deadly and most fanatical enemy in its 4000 years of existence as a people. It was also symbolic as a day of hope that the world at large will recognize the grave injustice perpetrated against the Jews as Jews, as well as against other minorities for similar reasons, and internationally united, will take the proper steps to eradicate all racial and religious persecution.

Among the victims of Nazi persecution we should not overlook the complete annihilation of the Yiddish press in Europe, the spokesman and medium of cultural expression of some six or seven million Jews. Today, the Yiddish press in the United States remains practically a lone sentinel standing guard in the protection of Jewish interests the world over and serving as a sounding board for the needs, demands, and hopes of the Jewish people. It is appropriate, therefore, to trace its history during the past 75 years, evaluate its influence and its cultural contributions to American Jewish life, and determine its position at the present time and its outlook for the future.

II

The story of the Yiddish press in America is not merely a story of 75 years of journalism; it is an intimate and inseparable part of the history and the cultural achievements of Eastern European Jews in this country. To know that story is to know and understand Jewish thought and life, Jewish struggles and tribulations, Jewish hopes and aspirations throughout the past seven and a half chaotic decades. The modest beginnings of the Yiddish press are traced to none other than Horace Greeley, one of the giants of 19th Century American journalism, who was indirectly instrumental in founding the first Jewish newspaper in the New World. Greeley, who had political aspirations for Congress and later also for the Presidency, persuaded J. K. Buchner, a Lithuanian Jew, to start a newspaper for Jewish immigrants from Eastern Europe. Thus, the first issue of the *Yiddishe Zeitung* made its appearance on March 1, 1870.

Among Jewish historians some still question whether Buchner's *Yiddishe Zeitung* should be classified as a newspaper. For one thing, though intended as a weekly, it appeared very irregularly at the rate of three or four issues per year. For another thing, it was lithographed, since no Yiddish type was at that time available in the United States. Finally, its literary style was an elegant German, printed in Hebrew characters, sprinkled liberally with Biblical and Talmudical quotations. Buchner's *Zeitung* continued a sporadic and precarious existence over a period of seven years.

The first printed Yiddish newspaper in this country appeared in the same year only a few months after Buchner launched his *Zeitung*. In August 1870, Zvi Hirsch Bernstein, who imported Yiddish type from Vilna and Vienna, founded the Yiddish weekly *The Post*. Though it lasted only six months, Bernstein's *Post* was printed rather than lithographed, its appearance was regular, and it emphasized news of the day. Thus, was born the Yiddish press at a time when the Jewish population in the United States numbered less than a quarter of a million. During the ensuing 75 years the Yiddish press contributed in its own way to the growth and development of the American Jewish community, the largest and most influential of its kind in the world.

Between 1870 and 1880 innumerable Jewish weeklies appeared, nearly all of them meeting with little success, a fact which is often attributed to the editors' snobbery towards Yiddish as spoken by the Jewish immigrants, which they considered a vulgar jargon. These early weeklies were written in stiff, cumbersome German which the immigrant could not readily understand. Consequently, the mortality rate of these publications was high, the only surviving weekly during this period being the *Yiddishe Gazetten* established by Kasriel H. Sarason, a learned Orthodox Jew, in 1874. Eleven years later, in 1885, Sarason began publication of the first Yiddish daily newspaper, the *Tageblatt* (Daily News), which was destined for an uninterrupted existence of 43 years until it was merged with the *Jewish Morning Journal* in 1928.

III

The great stream of Jewish immigration to the United States began in the early 1880's, following the pogroms in Czarist Russia at the time. Many of the new arrivals were imbued with the new ideas and ideals then current in European

life, such as a militant Jewish national consciousness and an ardent belief in Socialism. These new currents were soon manifested in a growing Yiddish press in this country. The important milestone in the history of the Yiddish press was the year 1886, for it was in that year that it succeeded in establishing firm roots in American Jewish life. In 1886 there appeared, almost simultaneously, two weekly journals which began the process of adjustment to the realities of Jewish life in America, mirrored its culture and political activities, and introduced innovations which have left their imprint on the Yiddish press to this day.

The first of these, the *Yiddishe Folks Zeitung*, espoused high worldly aims and literary quality. It was written in understandable Yiddish, free from the artificial and cumbersome German phraseology. It introduced features which are still characteristic of the Yiddish press, such as a labor page, political articles, short stories and poetry by outstanding Jewish writers and poets of the period. In its columns, Morris Rosenfeld, the poet of the Jewish proletariat, first gave vent to his lyrical outcry against the sweatshop system. The other journal, *Die Neie Zeit*, professing Socialist ideals, was edited by the newly-arrived and little known Abraham Cahan, who was destined later to play such a prominent role in American Jewish journalism.

Thereafter, from 1886 until the turn of the century, the Yiddish press continued to grow in size and influence. Newspapers and periodicals were published in New York and soon made their appearance also in Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston. Most of these journals espoused some political ideology, and served as intellectual and political stimulants, but some were devoted chiefly to belles-lettres or to humor.

By 1900, Jewish political views and ideologies were centered in, and expressed through, four major journals.

There was the *Tageblatt*, organ of the Orthodox religious element, the oldest existing Yiddish daily at the turn of the century. The independent *Wahrheit* (Truth), founded in 1889 by Louis Miller, one of the most colorful and cosmopolitan personalities of his day, was the first Yiddish newspaper to adopt American methods of journalism by the use of foreign correspondents and cable and press service. The *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, an Anarchist weekly, was established in 1890 and is still in existence, but its philosophy never exerted any great political influence or following among the Jewish masses. Finally, there was the *Forward*, a Socialist daily, founded in 1897 by Abraham Cahan who is its editor to this day. In time, the *Forward* became the richest and probably the most influential Yiddish daily, not only in the United States but throughout the world, attaining a circulation of about a quarter of a million at its zenith.

IV

The new century ushered in new tendencies, new developments, and new influences as a result of fresh waves of Jewish immigrants from Europe and the emergence of the Jewish political parties—Poale-Zion (Labor Zionist), Bund (Socialist), and Territorialist—creating favorable conditions for the establishment of new Yiddish dailies and periodicals, and strengthening the old ones. Among the more prominent periodicals launched at about the turn of the century were: the Poale-Zion organ *Der Yiddisher Kampfer*, still being published as an aggressive, well-edited weekly; the Socialist monthly *Die Zukunft* (Future), the finest literary journal of its kind in the Yiddish language; the Zionist organ *Das Yiddische Folk* (the Jewish People); Dr. Chaim Zhitlowsky's *Dos Neie Leben* (New Life), and others which enriched Jewish culture and brought forth many new writers.

As for the daily press, a major addition early in the century was the *Jewish*

Morning Journal, established by Jacob Saphirstein in 1901 as an Orthodox religious daily rivaling the *Tageblatt*. The following year, the late Louis Marshall, distinguished American jurist and Jewish leader of the last generation, founded the *Yiddishe Welt* (Jewish World) through which he sought to further the influence of the conservative elements in American Jewish life. Marshall even undertook the study of the Yiddish language in order to be able to read his own paper and to keep abreast of events in Jewish life.

In the years prior to the first World War certain trends of the sensational "yellow" journalism then rampant in the American press, were adopted by some of the existing Yiddish newspapers in their mistaken belief that through such methods they would further the Americanization process of their immigrant readers. One of these methods was the admixture of commonly used English terms into Yiddish text, resulting in widespread mispronunciation of English and retardation in the growth of the Yiddish language. This degeneration was fortunately brought to a halt by 1914 with the influx of new immigrants from Eastern Europe, who were more discriminating in their cultural demands upon the Yiddish press. Many new Yiddish writers came with this latest wave of immigrants. They adapted themselves quickly to their new surroundings, supplied new material of a high literary quality, and turned the Yiddish press in the direction of greater dignity and consequent greater influence.

V

During the last three decades several attempts have been made to found new Yiddish dailies, only two of which succeeded in outliving early tribulations and surviving to this day. In 1914, *Der Tog* (Day) was founded by Herman Bernstein as an independent newspaper. Because of its use of an almost pure Yiddish and a fine literary style of writing, *The*

Day came to be regarded as the most "Yiddishist" of all. The other was the *Freiheit* (Freedom), established in 1922 as the organ of Communist elements.

The Yiddish press has always been concentrated in New York. Early in the present century, as Jewish communities in the United States increased in number, chiefly through immigration, the larger New York dailies began to publish local editions in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. In addition, independent local Yiddish newspapers appeared in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and as far west as Los Angeles. Much of the Yiddish press outside of New York is by now extinct. Only a few weeklies survive in scattered areas. The last Yiddish daily outside of New York, the *Jewish Courier* of Chicago, ceased publication in 1944 after an existence of 57 years. The only Yiddish newspapers now appearing outside of New York are the local editions of the large New York dailies. Jews living in cities outside of New York, and where no local editions of the New York Yiddish dailies are published, maintain contact with Jewish affairs by subscribing to one of them.

At present, New York has four daily Yiddish newspapers, each of these professing a different political affiliation. Under normal conditions, the *Morning Journal* is Republican, the *Day*—Democratic, the *Forward*—Socialist, and the *Freiheit*—Communist. That is, as we have said, under normal conditions. In the 1944 presidential campaign, however, all four newspapers supported editorially the reelection of the late President Roosevelt. Each, of course, had its own reasons and its own way of interpretation, but all four worked towards a common goal. This is a very rare occasion, even where matters of utmost Jewish interest are concerned. Though each one has its own specific function and represents a different point of view in Jewish life, all of them combined have enriched, culturally

and politically, American Jewry and particularly the Jewish immigrant and his family, for whom it served as the gateway to the wider horizons of American democracy.

The outstanding phase of Jewish life, which in the past differentiated the New York Yiddish dailies, was the question of Zionism. The *Morning Journal* always has been a staunch supporter of Zionist ideals. The *Day*, likewise, supports the Zionist cause. The *Forward* for many years opposed Zionism, but since the late 1920's when its editor Abraham Cahan visited Palestine, it has ceased being actively anti-Zionist and today carries full news and correspondence on events and occurrences in Palestine. The Communist *Freiheit* was violently anti-Zionist until fairly recently, but during the past year it has taken on a more friendly attitude purely for political reasons and not because of conviction.

The Yiddish press in this country is more than just a group of newspapers and periodicals, it is a national institution devoted to the protection of the rights of Jews as a minority and to furthering certain positive interests in Jewish life. Thus, the Yiddish press is actively interested in combatting and eradicating anti-Semitism, it supports the upbuilding of Palestine (with some political reservations), it is opposed to assimilation in Jewish life, it is instrumental in mobilizing the American Jewish community to aid the remnants of the grief-stricken Jewish communities in Europe, and it has taken upon itself the responsibility for safeguarding and upholding the enduring and positive values and the spiritual and cultural resources of the exterminated Jewish communities in Europe. There is hardly a group in American Jewish life with a creative program which was not given impetus and encouragement by the Yiddish press, as well as an honest appraisal of its activities, in the realization of its program. In view of the above, it

is not to be wondered at that the Yiddish press, with all its virtues and shortcomings, is considered as the voice of American Jewish public opinion.

VI

In recent years, trends in the circulation of the daily Yiddish press are being carefully observed. It is generally believed that the gradual decrease in circulation spells the eventual doom of Yiddish newspapers. While it is true that their circulation has dropped heavily since the 1920's, when large-scale Jewish immigration to the United States was shut off, the Yiddish press is by no means ready to fold up. The high-water mark in circulation was reached in 1927 when the New York Yiddish dailies, their local editions and Yiddish newspapers in other cities, distributed an average of 598,000 copies daily. By 1943, this circulation declined to 339,000 copies, a decrease of 44 percent within a period of 16 years.

That this is a very serious and irreparable loss cannot be denied, particularly since during the past two years the drop in circulation continues unchecked. There are, however, several encouraging factors. For one thing, the actual circulation today is believed to be over 400,000, or about 100,000 more than the reported circulation, since in numerous instances two or more members of a family read their Yiddish paper. For another, there is very little duplication, since all the Yiddish dailies are morning papers, instead of, as formerly, some being morning papers and some afternoon papers. There are few instances now of a reader purchasing more than one paper. Then, again, the financial situation has improved considerably during the past few years. The sales price has been increased from 3 to 4 cents, while at the same time Jewish organizations and communal groups are making extensive use of their advertising columns. Finally, the Yiddish press has, since beginning of the present war, displaced the German language press

as the most prominent in the foreign language group in the United States.

Under these circumstances, Jewish publishers, writers, and the Jewish reading public are by no means discouraged and do not for a moment entertain any ideas of ceasing publication. How long the Yiddish press will be able to continue thus is a question which only time will answer. The writer of this article recalls that when still a mere youngster in the 1920's, after Jewish immigration to this country had for all practical purposes ceased, it was generally predicted that the Yiddish press would be extinct within 25 years. It is almost that long now, and still 400,000 people read Yiddish newspapers. Predictions at this time are, therefore, unsure.

Lack of space does not allow a more thorough discussion of the Yiddish periodical press, except for mentioning a few salient points. The periodical press, too, is concentrated in New York, where 30 out of 34 weekly, bi-weekly, monthly, and quarterly journals are published. Of these, 21 are entirely in Yiddish, while the remainder are mostly English-Yiddish, and one or two Hebrew-Yiddish. The periodical press consists of 7 weeklies, 3 bi-weeklies, 15 monthlies, and 9 bi-monthlies and quarterlies. Their circulation is unknown since they are not required to make periodic circulation reports. The weekly *Der Amerikaner* is reputed to have about 30,000 readers. The *Friend*, published by the Workmen's Circle, probably has an equal number. Of the rest, there are few whose circulation is above 5,000. From the point of view of influence and cultural achievement, the *Zukunft*, *Yiddisher Kemfer*, *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, and *Yivo Bletter*, bi-monthly published by the Yiddish Scientific Institute, are probably the most outstanding.

VII

To its readers, the Yiddish newspaper is more than a mere publication; it is a

national and cultural institution, a vital part of Jewish life, and an integral part of the American Jewish community. It is their source of knowledge of everything pertaining to Jewish affairs and it serves as their cultural and political platform. It is both their mentor and their medium of expression. It is the link between themselves and their people the world over, and it also links up their present with their people's historical past and uncharted future. The Yiddish press has given, and continues to give, serious consideration to their problems in the language they understand best. Furthermore, its inculcation of the privilege and duties of American citizenship has made it a potent factor in their lives and in the process of Americanization which they have undergone since their arrival in this country.

The average reader of the Yiddish newspaper is today of middle age or past middle age, which is a cause for deep anxiety about its future. Its potential reader reservoirs have well nigh dried up, first with the cessation in the 1920's of European immigration, and now with the extermination of millions of European Jews. This is a sad and regrettable situation, but despite it one is of the opinion that a long span of life still awaits the Yiddish press in this country. There are many evidences of a renaissance of Jewish life here and abroad which should prove beneficial when stabilization sets in. Yiddish newspapers are replete with

color, talent, zealotry, and depth of thought. It is highly questionable whether an active and progressive Jewish life in this country is at all possible without a Yiddish press. There are Jewish communities in most countries of the world, but without a Yiddish press to stimulate and bring forth the best of Jewish life, these communities live a dry lethargic existence; their influence is nil and their contribution to Jewish culture equally so.

For 75 years now the Yiddish press has exercised a profound influence on Jewish life in America. It has expressed in no uncertain terms Jewish aspirations and longings; it served as a link with the Old World and kept alive a sense of kinship with Jews everywhere; it has raised the self-esteem of the American Jew and made him conscious and proud as an American and conscious of himself as a Jew and as a human being. Throughout three-quarters of a century the Yiddish press helped to create and foster many Jewish social institutions and organizations, the Jewish labor movement and trade unions, Jewish fraternal orders and landsmanschaften, Jewish schools and Yeshivas, organizations for the upbuilding of Palestine, relief agencies for needy Jews here and abroad, and at all times it championed Jewish rights all over the world. No press of any people in the world has had the responsibility of fulfilling so many tasks as the Yiddish press in America had and still has, and no press has fulfilled its task so well.

Only a persistent positive translation of the faith of a free society into the convictions and habits and actions of a community is the ultimate reliance against unabated temptations to—fetter the human spirit.

JUSTICE FELIX FRANKFURTER

NEW YORK NOTES

By VERO

THE SPRING was lovely, the first spring in many years without news bulletins about war and destruction, and many Gothamites decided to "take it easy," this time. Others couldn't. They realized that the hardly won peace would be lost in no time, if they ceased fighting the little Hitlers *within* this country, those spreading racial and religious bias. Take the Quinn Case. Maybe Miss May A. Quinn, an elderly woman teacher at a Brooklyn Public School is an unimportant and quite uninteresting person *per se*. Still, over a period of three years she had praised Hitler and Mussolini, ridiculed Roosevelt, called some of her students "greasy foreigners," and given, as lessons, material culled from proven subversive sources. After the Board of Education had been deaf, for two years, to complaints that Miss Quinn was a menace to the spirit of America, that she was poisoning the minds of some of her pupils, while deeply hurting others, an investigation was ordered.

What was the result of the public trial? The Board of Education voted to clear her of all charges save one, fined her two month's pay and transferred her to a school in Brooklyn which is a better one than where she formerly taught. The vote was 5 to 1 in her favor, the sole dissenter being Mr. James Marshall. Marshall seeing that his efforts to oust that preacher of hatred had been in vain said, among other things: "To thousands of persons imbued with the American spirit of fair play, to thousands of Americans hating

intolerance and loving the idea of a people united in mutual respect for each other and each other's differences, the decision of this board in this case must appear to be little less than condoning the bigotry of that teacher." Even the *New York Herald Tribune*, usually cautious in its language, called the verdict a "grave setback to the cause of tolerance in our public schools."

But the Quinn Case is not yet over. Some far-sighted Gothamites have decided that it *must* be reopened.

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YOUR REPORTER wants to make clear that he is no defeatist, not even a pessimist. But he considers it his duty to warn in time, whenever he notices treasonable or even merely befuddled thinking. He resents that supertolerance and super-humaneness displayed by those Jewish leaders and rabbis who signed an appeal for a newly organized American Committee for the Relief of the German needy. In fact, *all* of the signers ought to have recalled that after the first World War the German slogan ran as follows: "We must squeeze tears from the eyes of the Americans and dollars from their pockets." No sane person wants to treat the defeated Germans in the same bestial manner as they treated a dozen European countries in the course of four or five years. Yet at the time when the aforementioned appeal appeared in the *New York German-language daily, Staats-Zeitung*, the "poor" Germans were still

receiving more food than the people of France. And how well are the survivors of Belsen, Dachau, and Maidanek being fed? In one D. P.'s camp, a returned chaplain reported, eight men were expected to share one loaf of rye bread a day—sour and stale bread . . .

Incidentally, compared with that reptile which you Chicagoans permit to spread subversive propaganda in the Windy City, the *Abendpost*, our own *Staats-Zeitung* is almost a white lily. For your own "American newspaper published in the German language" recently dared to complain about "a peace so harsh, so barbarous, so murderous that you can look in vain for something similar in the entire history of the world," adding that this was not a hard peace, but "carefully considered and carefully planned mass murder."

Be careful yourselves, you editors of the *Abendpost*. Just ask any Frenchman, Belgian, Dutchman, or Russian how the Germans treated the countries they conquered . . .

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TO THE GREAT surprise of many outspoken Jewish as well as Christian New Yorkers, no less a person than Dr. Louis Finkelstein, President of the Jewish Theological Seminary, was among the signers of the aforementioned appeal! About the same time when the regrettable document appeared in the *Staats-Zeitung*, Dr. Finkelstein spoke before a gathering of rabbis called to discuss "the spiritual crisis of world Judaism." He warned that a "stream of Jewish young men and women" was seeking "spiritual guidance in other religious denominations" and that "this stream of conversion from Judaism has become so great that it is threatening the very existence of the synagogue itself."

The speaker recognized the fact, but he failed to state why Judaism was losing ground all over the world, nor did he say what, in his opinion, could be done

to stop that process of disintegration. Your reporter believes that one of the reasons for the mass flight to the bosom of the Church is the lack of *real* leadership on the part of the rabbinate. There are too many rabbis and chaplains who are smug politicians whose sermons are glib and shallow—how should they satisfy the needs of those yearning for a path leading to truth? Perhaps the converts to Christianity will find out, after a while, that many priests and pastors are as complacent and superficial as some rabbis are, but then it will be too late—at least for us.

Dr. Finkelstein complained that a thousand Jewish soldiers were entitled to only one Jewish chaplain. Yet only a third of this number participated in services, the rest were either indifferent or preferred not to pose as Jews. But this reporter knows several cases of Jewish Chaplains who *did* succeed in attracting large crowds and who did help servicemen in hours of distress and confusion. Don't you think that some house-cleaning ought to be done in the realm of the American rabbinate?

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FROM THESE rather disturbing and discordant tunes I want to switch to more pleasant melodies. There is the story of 14-year-old Aviva Finkelstein, not related to the aforementioned rabbi, but to the Polish journalist Chaim Finkelstein. He escaped from Nazi occupied Poland by the skin of his teeth, leaving his family behind. As head of the Displaced Persons section of the World Jewish Congress in New York he was able to locate and help thousands of displaced persons in Europe, but only a short while ago he succeeded in bringing one of his daughters here—so far he has been unable to trace his wife and other daughter.

In 1943 Mrs. Finkelstein, fearing that she was in danger, brought Aviva to non-Jewish friends and appealed to them to

shelter the child. They accepted her, but since they were poor, little Aviva had to work. The blonde teen-ager sold papers in Warsaw, even as SS men patrolled the city, later she worked as a farm hand outside Warsaw. Finally the Russians came and liberated that section. She is very shy and reticent, but she shows great interest in food stores. When she sees stocks of grapefruit or oranges, she says: "Oh, I remember! I ate them before the war!"

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YOUR REPORTER was also moved to tears when he saw the first batch of Oswego refugees arrive in New York. They were some thirty of the nine-hundred-odd victims of Hitlerism who had been brought from Italy to Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y., in August, 1944. Last spring President Truman had cut red tape by permitting them to cross the border into Canada at Niagara Falls, to obtain their American visas and enter this country as quota immigrants with the prospect of becoming full-fledged citizens.

Most of them had been homeless for five, six, or more years. They arrived at the offices of the National Refugee Service at Nassau Street, where hot coffee, sandwiches, and cake had been set out on long tables to refresh them after their fourteen-hour journey from Buffalo where they had passed their first night of freedom in this country. But before they ate, wives embraced husbands from whom they had long been separated, fathers gathered children into their arms, cousins, aunts, sisters and brothers kissed each other and hugged each other and talked, talked, talked about the wondrous new country.

Some of the Oswego refugees may return to Europe, but the majority will remain in America. There are many doctors, musicians, skilled mechanics, and artisans among them—they will be assets rather than burdens in their new country.

Fort Ontario was the first and, alas, the only one of the "free ports" for refugees, first suggested by the columnist Samuel Grafton. The late President Roosevelt might have organized dozens of Fort Ontarios and thus saved many thousands of Europeans, had he not been forced to yield to the demagogues who assailed even the small venture at Oswego!

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A JEWISH GROUP with substantial financial backing is about to take over Middlesex College in Waltham, Massachusetts, and expects to operate it as a "Jewish University." The spiritual leader of that group is the New York rabbi, Dr. Israel Goldstein, and the sponsors suggested that the new college of Liberal Arts be called either after Professor Einstein or after Justice Brandeis.

The idea sounds good, but upon closer scrutiny one is bound to detect certain flaws in the whole scheme. What is the *raison d'être* of that new college? "Should it chiefly answer the needs of the young men and women who for reasons of discrimination are being barred from the general 'non-sectarian' colleges and universities, and thus indirectly admit that discrimination against Jews is a 'normal' phenomenon in the American academic world?" A New York Jewish columnist asks: "Should it be supported by Jewish funds and function as a non-sectarian institution, or shall it openly bear the stamp of its Jewishness?"

These questions are difficult to answer. If the planners should succeed with their gigantic task, they would create the third Jewish institution of this kind, its predecessors being the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and Yeshiva University in New York.

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AN AMBITIOUS plan to provide Europe's hapless Jewish children with spiritual and intellectual food was worked out by

the cultural department of the World Jewish Congress in cooperation with the American Association for Jewish Education, under the name of "School Adoption Plan." According to that scheme, Jewish schools in Europe are being "adopted" by Jewish schools in the Western Hemisphere. Obviously, the Americans will supply the European schools with textbooks and other educational equipment and send gifts to the children. Furthermore, personal correspondence between the American and European children will be encouraged.

The World Jewish Congress has already established contact with numerous Jewish schools in France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Finland, and other countries. It is the noble aim of the sponsors of the plan to make every Jewish school in this hemisphere, from Canada down to South America, "adopt" some Jewish school in devastated Europe!

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THREE OUTSTANDING artists have recently returned to La belle France, after having weathered the storm on American soil. They consider themselves Frenchmen and their art is part and parcel of modern French art, though they were all born in Eastern Europe. Marc Chagall's one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art was one of the greatest successes in the history of that institution, as far as the number of spectators was concerned. This reporter was highly amused as he listened to some of the comments made by some of the visitors. "I don't know just what it means, but it is a nice color," an attractive blonde said, standing in front of one of his paintings. "A cow fiddling—that is absurd," her mother remarked. A reporter who understood French was honored by the master with an explanation: "The bride is my wife before we were married," he said smilingly. "And the cow—that's me." And off Chagall went, with his charming childlike smile, and the news-

paperman wondered whether he had been taken for a ride . . .

Mané-Katz, too, had several successful one-man shows in America, and while Chagall painted nothing but memories of his childhood at Vitebsk even in the New World, Mané-Katz recently showed here fine gouaches of American landscapes. In 1940, we learned, he served as a soldier in the French army. He was captured by the Germans with 28,000 compatriots near Rouen. The artist was sent to a concentration camp, but finally released because the conditions were so bad at the camp that the Germans feared an epidemic. On his last meeting with Picasso—who, incidentally, is one of his chief admirers—he anxiously asked his friend: "What is to become of us? What can we do now?" Whereupon the Spaniard calmly suggested: "Why not arrange an exhibition?"

As these lines are going to print, Mané-Katz is now actually having an exhibition in Paris!

The third artist to arrive in Paris, Jacques Lipchitz, once created, under the impression of the German pogroms, a group, *David and Goliath*, intended to symbolize an intelligent minority force (e. g. the Jews) subduing a brutish majority force (e. g. Nazism). Explaining his work to a journalist, Lipchitz remarked: "My Jewish skin has tingled for my scattered and persecuted blood-brothers. But the monster whom we are killing is not merely anti-Semitism, it is as well everything which hinders man from marching forward."

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BROADWAY is no longer afraid of dramas discussing and condemning bigotry and intolerance. We had such excellent plays on the Negro problem as *Strange Fruit* (a dramatic version of the famous novel) and *Deep Are the Roots*, and that clever attack on anti-Semitism, *Home of the Brave*. The latest addition to that list,

This, Too, Shall Pass, by young Don Appell, presented at the Belasco Theater, was somewhat disappointing as a play, because there is too much preaching, too much rhetorical dialogue in it.

The plot is both valid and challenging, though. A doctor's son returns to a Mid-West community from Pacific fighting with his buddy. The latter already has fallen in love by correspondence with the kid's sister. Since the family greets him as a son, he is trapped into thinking he might be accepted as a son-in-law, even though he is Jewish. When the father learns that the visitor is a Jew, this revelation makes no difference to him. The mother, however, who had been committee chairman for tolerance, turns suddenly against the marriage, and, as a sacrifice, her own son flings himself under his friend's departing automobile. The son dies, the father tells his wife he never had understood her, the girl goes off to New York with her fiancé!

From a dramatist's viewpoint, the figure of the "liberal" mother is most clearly seen. She is a dangerous type because of the way she tends to revert under pressure, although, intrinsically, she is not an unkindly person. It is too bad that Mr. Appell's excellent intentions are marred by over-sentimentality and a sort of doctrinairism for which there is no room on the stage.

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I WAS FORTUNATE enough to meet Marc Chagall at his studio. The master who will be sixty next year, is in a desperate state of mind on account of the recent loss of his wife. He received me kindly, though, and showed me some of his latest paintings. They will be seen shortly

in his big one-man show, to be opened at New York's Museum of Modern Art. The most comprehensive collection of his canvasses and etchings ever shown in America, it will cover the period from 1908 to date. In the fall of 1946, the entire collection will go to Chicago where it will be exhibited at the Art Institute.

The famous Russian-born artist, talking partly in French, partly in Yiddish, told me interesting stories revealing the twisted mind of the Nazis. When, in the mid-thirties, representatives of the Kunsthalle at Basle, Switzerland, asked the Nazis to lend them some of Chagall's paintings that, so far, had loomed conspicuously in the Nazi exhibitions of what they termed *Degenerierte Kunst*, the Nazis were willing to oblige—provided each item should carry a caption to this effect: This specimen of degenerate art for which the poor misled German people had to pay 10,000 Marks is not even worth 10 Marks. Subsequently however, the Nazis did not fail to sell Chagall's works to neutral Switzerland, charging high prices to obtain the treasured Swiss currency. At the same time, one of the defendants at the Nuremberg trials incorporated some of Chagall's "degenerate" paintings in his own private collection!

Chagall is certainly aware of his indebtedness to his Jewish heritage, and he still remembers, both in his paintings and in conversations, his *shtaedtel* in White Russia with deep affection. Yet he is, at the same time, an internationalist, or, more precisely, a supra-nationalist.

"The artist," he said to me, "must penetrate into the world, feel the fate of human beings, of peoples, with real love. There is no *art pour l'art*. One must be interested in the entire realm of life. One must be, above all, a human being."

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

THE U. S. GOVERNMENT has recently opened several consulates in Germany to facilitate refugees and others in the displaced persons camps to obtain the limited number of American visas which became available under President Truman's directive of last December. At the same time, the House Immigration Committee has been conducting hearings on a bill to cut existing immigration quotas in half. Anti-immigration forces in Congress, it seems, cannot forgive the President his kind gesture in allowing several thousand homeless immigrants to enter the U. S. and are therefore exerting all efforts in an attempt to annul his kind gesture by reducing the present immigration quotas. The thing they would prefer most, of course, is to eliminate immigration completely, but evidently they either do not have the audacity to make such requests at this time or else they are moving gradually in that direction.

Meanwhile, it is noteworthy to record that the supporters of the bill, known as the Gossett bill, have aroused much opposition in certain unexpected quarters. It was a foregone conclusion that various organizations comprised of naturalized and first generation Americans, such as, Polish, Italian, Jewish, Scandinavian, and other minority groups, would very strenuously oppose the bill. And they did.

Immigrant-baiting Congressmen were, however, astonished when Earl G. Harrison, President Truman's emissary to the displaced persons camps in Germany last summer, appeared before the immigration committee in opposition to the

bill. Mr. Harrison, former U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, appeared in a dual capacity: as the official American representative on the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees and as spokesman for the National Committee on Post-War Immigration Policy, the latter of which is comprised of some of the largest organizations in the country.

Harrison spoke quite frankly. He told the immigration committee that America's doors are "only reasonably" open now and charged the U. S. with having done "shamefully little" during the war to rescue the persecuted people. He called attention to the international implications involved in the immigration problem at this time and warned that there is no justification for the U. S. to reduce its quotas now.

The biggest surprise to the anti-immigration forces came when representatives of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), speaking in behalf of the bulk of American labor, vigorously opposed the Gossett bill. This is a highly significant development. American labor has always gone on record in opposition to immigration on the ground that immigrants take away jobs from American workers. Now their policy has been reversed. AFL representatives favored admitting the full number eligible under the quota system because "we think we can absorb these people," while CIO spokesmen branded the Gossett bill as "discriminating legislation" which is "hasty and ill-conceived." Of particular interest is the fact that all

major Jewish organizations in the U. S. united in a vigorous stand against the bill. The spokesman for the Jewish groups was Judge Nathan D. Perlman of New York, himself a former congressman.

Favorable action on the Gossett bill by Congress would be interpreted everywhere as a return to isolationism at a time when the entire world is hungry for friendship and cooperation. It is a dark augury behind which lurks hatred of foreigners, distrust of neighbors, exaltation of a queer brand of American racism, and injury to minorities. The bill may or may not be approved by the immigration committee, but the final decision rests with Congress as a whole. Somehow, one cannot visualize Congress suddenly deciding to throw overboard all principles and traditions upon which this country was built and where immigrants from the world over played no small part in its growth and development.



THE TREMENDOUS opposition that was stirred up in the country recently over the nomination of Edwin W. Pauley as Undersecretary of the Navy, had much in it that was of interest to all concerned with the Palestine problem. What had long been the subject of feverish rumor in Washington was finally revealed, i. e., the connection between Pauley's nomination and Middle East oil. Referring to Pauley and his oil-magnate friends who are interested in obtaining Arabian oil concessions, columnist Marquis Childs recently wrote:

"Presumably they would work with the private corporations to safeguard United States oil interests in the Middle East. The Navy is greatly concerned with protecting a source of supply for the United States in the Middle East."

That oil is the real cause for much of the friction prevailing in the Middle East is a matter of universal knowledge. That it is also one of the major causes of the

crisis in the so-called "Palestine problem" is known too. In fact, Childs speaks of the friction over Middle Eastern oil as "a dark backdrop to the dispute over Palestine." Behind this backdrop stand three great powers—Great Britain, the U. S. and Soviet Russia, the latter having made decisive inroads in Iran.

The most promising oil region of the Middle East is reported to be Saudi Arabia where, according to experts, the oil is greater than all the oil deposits in the Western Hemisphere. This potential oil resource holds promise for unlimited wealth and power. In 1939, King Ibn Saud extended a concession to two American oil companies, Standard Oil of California and the Texas Co., which, according to a Congressional committee which recently investigated the oil situation in the Middle East, have invested approximately one hundred million dollars in the construction of oil wells along the Arabian coast and on the island of Bahrain, in the Persian Gulf.

The extent of this concession is almost unbelievable. It covers 440,000 square miles, approximately forty-four times the area of Palestine west of the Jordan, or about nine times the size of the entire state of New York. Eventually, these companies expect to extract 110,000 barrels of crude oil per day. In the past year, some 35 million barrels were drawn from the Saudi Arabian desert. With such enormous supplies at its disposal this country's manifold needs will be satisfied for many years.

The Congressional report referred to above made this ominous observation: "He who has his hand on the oil-valve which controls the oil supply from the Middle East, will dictate the oil supply for the whole world in the future." This makes more comprehensible the remark of columnist Childs that the elevation to power of men like Edwin Pauley would have resulted in their cooperation "with the private corporations to safeguard

United States oil interests in the Middle East." The safeguarding of this country's oil interests in that part of the world is a very innocent way of saying that we will conduct an undeclared war for the oil resources of the Middle East. Those who are concerned with Palestine should not overlook this significant factor which formed a curious sidelight to the Pauley controversy.



AN INTERESTING public exchange of letters occurred in the *Washington Post*. It was a verbal dispute between an Arab and a Jew about—Nazism in the Middle East. The Arab is Omar Abu Khadra, secretary of the Arab Office in Washington, and the Jew is Eliahu Epstein, Washington representative of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. As official representatives of their respective agencies, their words take on added significance since both express an official opinion.

In a letter to the *Post*, Mr. Epstein took issue with the release recently by the British of Jamal Husseini, Arab terrorist leader, who is linked with his notorious uncle Haj Amin el-Husseini, the former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. From all indications, Epstein concluded, pro-Nazi Arab leaders are now gathering in Palestine and in the Middle East where they will continue to propagate Nazism, oppose Jewish aspirations in Palestine, and stir up conflict among Arabs and Jews.

Several days later, the *Post* published a reply by the Arab Khadra in defense of Husseini saying he returned to Palestine "only to resume work with his colleagues in an all-out effort to rescue Palestine from falling a prey to an ambitious movement of some alien people." The implication here is that the Jews are the "alien people" and Zionism is the "ambitious movement." In order not to leave a doubt in anyone's mind, Khadra declares that to the Jews no difficulties are unsurmountable as long as they can attain

their goal of furthering the Zionist cause in Palestine, and he lists: "the murder of high British officials at the instance of secret Jewish organizations . . . the carrying on of a reign of terror in the country . . . winning the favor of American people by smearing the Arabs . . ."

The real bouquet thrown at the Jewish people, however, comes at the end of the letter. Who are the real Nazis, Khadra asks, "a people who strive to share with other nations the blessings of liberty and freedom, or an aggressive movement which aims at ousting the inhabitants of a country from their territory and claiming the land as their domain?" There is no need to dwell upon Khadra's charges; all we need do is observe the way all Arab countries, without exception, share "the blessings of liberty and freedom" with other people living in their midst, particularly Jews. The Jews of Egypt and Tripolitania, who recently suffered attacks and loss of life at the hands of Arabs, will be glad to enlighten Mr. Khadra. But nothing hurt so deeply as the irresponsible accusation in his letter that Jews are the true Nazis. To have the audacity and downright meanness to slander a people, which has suffered an unparalleled loss of six million lives at the hands of the Nazis, with being themselves Nazis is something unheard of and beyond any human comprehension!

The third and last round of this verbal battle was in the form of a reply from Epstein charging Khadra of taking the easy way out—instead of explaining why King Ibn Saud is protecting Arab war criminals in his country and why the Arabs never condemned the Grand Mufti, who is the greatest war criminal of them all. Khadra comes forward with blanket accusations, avoids the basic facts, and jumps to the defense of Jamal Husseini.

But the fault is all Britain's, says Epstein, because the reason it released Husseini is that "the British Government, under her present policy of appeasing the

Arabs in the Middle East, finds it politically convenient at this time to facilitate the restoration of Jamal Husseini to his position as leader of the Palestine Arab Party." Epstein concludes with the ominous warning that Husseini's reinstatement as Arab leader constitutes a complete restoration "of the whole policy of Arab-Nazi and Fascist collaboration," with all its attendant dangers, implications, and intrigues in the future.

The Arabs have lately learned all the tricks of the trade, all the deceptive mannerisms and worthless phraseology of the diplomatic world, though not retaining any of its virtues, and they practice these deftly for all that the traffic will bear. Perhaps Epstein is not far from correct when he points to the current concentration and growth of Nazism in the Middle East and warns of its potential danger. Pro-Nazi Arabs talk Hitler's language in the Middle East—and in Washington.



WE OFTEN wonder what the Christian world thinks and how it feels about the great crime perpetrated by the Germans against the Jews. All sources are fairly well agreed by this time that 6,000,000 Jewish men, women, and children were systematically destroyed by the Nazis during the war for no other reason than that they were Jews. That is more than a third of all the Jews in the entire world. At times it seems to us that the Christian world has remained untouched by the tragedy which befell the Jewish people. With few exceptions, we have seen very little genuine sympathy come our way and few tears were shed over our losses.

One of the few exceptions, which has come to our attention, is a recent editorial in the *Washington Star*, one of the great newspapers in the Nation's capital, which contains a thought worth repeating. Stating that despite all evidence the normal civilized mind even now has difficulty in comprehending the nature and magnitude

of the Nazi crime against the Jews, the editorial asks: "How can a crime like this be understood in ordinary terms?" It then defines the crime as "more than mere murder," as "evil for evil's sake . . . that carried them to such depths of inhumanity that all their actions became those of mere animals lacking any sense of right and wrong. Indeed, the thing was far worse than animal-like because of the educated, calculating intelligence behind it and because of the modern techniques and instruments used to carry it out."

The editorial then questions the amount of remorse among those who were responsible for the crime, asserting that at the Nuernberg trial some of the Nazi leaders not only admitted the crime without regret or emotion, but there was almost a feeling of pride about their accomplishment. Only one, Hans Frank, the former Nazi Governor of Poland and the one most responsible for the extermination of three million Polish Jews, has shown some awakening of his conscience when he said: "I feel a terrible guilt within me . . . A thousand years will pass and this guilt of Germany will not be erased."

We are not terribly impressed with Hans Frank's statement; he has sufficient cause to feel the way he does and deserves no commendation for it. But in view of the universal lack of remorse among the Germans for their crime, we question the length of time it will take for them to erase their guilt. Was it not a few short years ago that the Germans were going to set up a Nazi system that would last a thousand years? Do Germans always talk in terms of a thousand years? Perhaps if they would make an effort to live more in the present and a little less in the future or in the past, the rest of the world would appreciate them much more than it does. Perhaps it would not be so outlandish an idea for the Germans to remember the crime with a sense of national shame for a long time.

In the event the Germans may wonder—as we have done in the past—what the Christian world thinks of them and their crime against the Jews, let them but remember the last part of the *Star's* editorial, which reads:

"The millions of the destroyed will never come back, but the story of what happened to them—the almost unbelievable but terribly true story—will not die. This is something that may well trouble the peace of mind of the descendants of Hitler's followers for generations to come. Not often in history has the record of any nation carried a stain so dark and ineradicable."

As for us, we should help keep that story alive for generations to come! That is perhaps the best way to perpetuate the memory of the millions of innocent victims.

PUBLIC OPINION is evidently still a very potent force in this country. Even the Daughters of the American Revolution have learned that it does not pay to antagonize public opinion. The D. A. R., as our readers will recall, have made themselves obnoxious in recent years by their flagrant discrimination against Negroes in refusing them the use of Constitution Hall in Washington. Outstanding Negro artists, such as, Marian Anderson and Hazel Scott, were denied the privilege of appearing at the concert hall solely on racial grounds.

Now the D. A. R. has suddenly announced that the Tuskegee Institute Choir have free use of Constitution Hall for a benefit performance. While this is in no way to be interpreted as a reversal of its exclusionist policy, circumstances surrounding the extension of the invitation to the choir indicate that the D. A. R. has been forced to retract because of the avalanche of criticism unloosed by its discriminatory practices. In the flood of vituperation that emanates almost daily in certain newspapers and from certain reactionary groups in the country, we

sometimes forget the fact that the overwhelming majority of Americans are still liberty-lovers and believers in true democracy. When threatened, they will rise to defend their beliefs. The D. A. R. has finally learned that lesson.

NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED is the recent statement of Attorney General Tom C. Clark calling on all United States attorneys to give special care to the protection of civil liberties and human rights of minorities, which of late have become a target for attack from certain quarters. Several interesting excerpts of the Attorney General's directive on the subject are worth repeating:

The civil rights of minorities in this country were never under greater threat than at this time. It is my purpose to protect human rights and civil liberties, wherever they are infringed, to the full extent and intent of the Constitution and of statutory provisions.

We have come thus far in the unsettled postwar period without great disorder. However, symptoms of increasing intolerance have been noted recently. It is my desire that you immediately devote special attention and investigation to protection of all Americans in their civil liberties, regardless of race or color . . .

I am seeking to determine the causes of potential disorders, no matter how minor they may seem. In these days of rapid transmission of information, an outbreak in one locality might well inspire a similar condition in another . . . When and if they do occur every effort will be made to prosecute those responsible.

IN MY "Washington Notes," in the Spring issue of THE FORUM, your correspondent lamented the fact that the number of Jewish members of Congress was decreased by two at the beginning of the present session, following their election to judgeships in their home states. One, former Congressman Samuel Dickstein, was replaced in his New York district by a very able and liberal-minded young man, Arthur G. Klein. Today, the House

of Representatives has seven members of the Jewish faith, while the Senate does not have a single Jew and has not had one in a generation.

Klein is no newcomer to Congress. He was member of the Lower House for two terms, from 1940-1944, and dropped only when his district was reapportioned. He made a good record during the four years that he served, and will unquestionably continue the good record now. In fact, he made a very auspicious start in his maiden speech shortly after he was sworn in as a member of the Lower House. In it, he attacked the extremists who advocate intolerance and bigotry against minority groups and appealed to Congress not to lose its prestige by allowing these extremists to use its platform to propagate their ideology of hatred. Said Klein:

You cannot defeat one form of intolerance by adopting another; you cannot beat repression by exercising it yourself; you cannot hope to defeat communism—which is anti-Christ, anti-Jewish, and anti-all religion—by saying that this is a land for white Christians only. My position, Mr. Speaker, and my warning is: That the extremists on both sides are sowing the seeds of disruption and disunity in this country . . . I say that unless we combat this tendency to line up on one side or the other behind extrem-

ists of the left or the right, we face disaster and ruin. That is the lesson which I hammered home to the people of my district, and it is a lesson which Americans of the Jewish faith have learned only too well. For the history of our forebears over the centuries has shown that there is no safety and no security to be found under any authoritarian regime . . .

All of us are the product of myriad races, and of different creeds, and we spring from forebears who came from many lands to this haven of liberty. The source of America's strength is in the diversity of our people and we must be on guard against those who would turn those differences into a weapon for our own destruction. In this constant, running debate which I have noted between extremist advocates in this House, the gentleman from Mississippi (i. e., the notorious anti-Semite John Rankin) has occasionally made remarks which seriously reflect upon Americans of Jewish faith. This group of our citizens needs no defense. Their contribution to the cultural and economic life of our Nation, and their record of service in every war in which we have engaged from colonial days to the present, is written in the pages of American history . . .

Shall we permit this body to be made a forum even unconsciously for the dissemination of the poison of racial prejudice and religious bigotry? . . . Mr. Speaker, I appeal to the honor of the House of Representatives of the United States. Let us here and now resolve that this great parliamentary body shall not lend its prestige as a cloak for disunity.

I am glad to be able to say that while the Jews of the United States have remained loyal to their faith and their race traditions, they are engaged in generous rivalry with their fellow-citizens of other denominations in advancing the interests of our common country. This is true, not only of the descendants of the early settlers and those of American birth, but of a great and constantly increasing proportion of those who have come to our shores within the last twenty-five years as refugees reduced to the direst straits of penury and misery. In a few years, men and women hitherto utterly unaccustomed to any of the privileges of citizenship have moved mightily upward toward the standard of loyal, self-respecting American citizenship; of that citizenship which not merely insists upon its rights, but also eagerly recognizes its duty to do its full share in the material, social and moral advancement of the nation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, on the 250th anniversary of the Settlement of the Jews in the United States.



Chassidic Boy

JACQUES ZUCKER

BOOKS

Wasteland, by Jo Sinclair. Harper. \$2.50.
The Air-Conditioned Nightmare, by Henry Miller. New Directions. \$3.50.

These are two studies of man's efforts to find himself in a world he never made. *Wasteland* is a first novel which has won the 1946 Harper Prize Novel Contest, by a writer who has appeared in the slicks (*Esquire*, *Coronet*), as well as in the pages of the *FORUM*. *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* is by a man with 20 books and pamphlets to his credit, aged 51, who will likely continue in his prolific course until struck down by old age or an over-ardent admirer. When faced with writers who are not consummate masters (Sinclair and Miller are not), there arises a temptation for a reviewer to select their outstanding qualities, whip them together with a critical egg-beater, and emerge with a wistful omelette on the following order: "If only the human love, the rationale, and the social insight of Jo Sinclair were merged with the verbal splendor, the imaginative perception, and the creative bravado of Henry Miller, then . . ." Although this procedure serves to highlight at a glance the signal virtues of the writers concerned, there is more to be told.

Wasteland deals with a poignant problem: the first-generation American Jew who has lost kinship with his people and their traditions, who has changed his name to avoid the "odium" of Jewishness, and who in his *selbsthass* thwarts his own creative expression as well as his satisfactory adjustment to society. Neurotic and groping, John Brown (born Jake Braunowitz) undergoes a series of psychiatric treatments which finally reconcile him to the theory that America is happily constituted of a vast number of differences, and which also convince him that the true dignity and brotherhood of man is achieved by the toleration and welcoming of individuality and variation, whether Jew, Negro, sexual invert, or artist. Scattered through the book are brilliantly-written passages in which Miss Sinclair depicts Jewish domestic life and characters

(notably Jake's sister, Sarah) with an intensity that is beautiful and stirring. She is indeed at her best in these genre pictures, where her deep sympathy and unromantic honesty are brought to bear so successfully on the swift-moving life stream with its frustrating wreckage and misery.

I must commend the writer for her courageous handling of a hush-hush question, and for the solution she advises, although some reviewers have already emphasized that "differentiation" along national lines cannot solve the Jewish problem. Yet these gentlemen would be among the first to grow hysterical if someone were to suggest that the English language be superseded by Esperanto or German, or that American constitutional government be modernized.

But if I have no cavil with Miss Sinclair's ideology, I am yet dissatisfied with her treatment of the novel as an art form. Essentially, one might characterize her talent as loaded with over-obviousness. This is not discreditable in itself, since considerable resources and ability are required to play the conventional keys. But the sensitive reader is anxious for a better role than to play stooge to a novelist, just as one grows bitter at one's human frailty when a Hollywood tear-jerker wets the eyes and constricts the throat. This lack of subtlety in Miss Sinclair's writing can be viewed substantively as well as symbolically.

Wasteland's development proceeds on three levels: dialogues between Jake and the psychiatrist... the psychiatrist's clinical notes on Jake... and backward glances at the lives of Jake and his relatives. The dialogues and notes are written in the same colloquial style, interlarded with psychoanalytical jargon, and fail to sustain the intense quality required for the reader's interest. In addition, if Jake hasn't properly understood something, the psychiatrist practically hits him between the eyes with the answer, and then repeats the answer in his notes. It is only in the retrospective pictures that Miss Sinclair

develops sufficient suspense and interest. There is a further weakness in begging the question, in forcing the reader as well as Jake to accept conclusions because they have been formulated by a "scientist," the psychiatrist. This may well be the key to the book's basic inadequacy, namely, that it is worked out in a psychiatrist's office without sufficient reference to the social scene where most problems are encountered and settled in real life. Miss Sinclair has let herself forget that psychiatry must operate hand-in-hand with social reconstruction, and not in the expensive vacuum of a private office.

So far as symbolism is concerned, it is difficult for this reviewer seriously to accept Miss Sinclair's visualization of Jake's Red Cross blood donation as a symbolical mixture of blood in the American melting pot, nor can he be deeply moved by her effort to demonstrate Jake's wholeness and sense of belonging by having him enlist and march off to the wars. These glib symbols are both topical and debatable, properties of the propagandist, and further beg the question.

Miller is quite a different character, not a social outcast, but a voluntary exile in Europe before World War II. He can be called the epitome of the advance-guard in literature and reveals both its creative virtues and its anarchic thinking. Like Sinclair, he has made an effort to evaluate contemporary America in relationship to himself. But where she was able to find the possibility of integration in American life, Miller emerges a la Rimbaud with revelation of an *Air-Conditioned Nightmare* in which he can play no self-respecting part.

The book is not a work of fiction. It is made up of sundry pieces from various magazines such as *View* and *Quarterly Review of Literature*, and includes the wonderful study of Alfred Stieglitz, the photographer. I have already listed Miller's achievements briefly in the first paragraph. I must mention the impassioned panegyric to freedom, "The Soul of Anaesthesia," in which the absolute and seemingly-unexplainable loneliness of a jail prisoner is made real and startling.

Nicola Chiaramonte has declared that Miller's work is devoted to the presentation of the artist as a character. In this book, almost everything revolves about Miller. It starts from the point where he says that: *America is no place for an artist: to be an artist is to be a moral*

leper, an economic misfit, a social liability. A corn-fed hog enjoys a better life than a creative writer, painter or musician (and why should we disagree with him), and continues until he finally asks callously: Who has the courage, confronted with these miracles of the past, to exclaim: "Better these things had never been than that one single human being had been deprived of his rightful freedom!" Along the line, his extremist bitterness leads him into arrant nonsense so that he praises the Southern slavocracy, excoriates progressivism and social work, and advises a hands-off policy for Hitler in a section written during the war. Although many of us may have our doubts about victory, reform, and the like, we can still recognize tangible gains. These are not obvious to the jaundiced eyes of Miller, who is most concerned with the age-old task of shocking the bourgeoisie.

I'd say both these books should be read, one for its revelation of the Jew's neurotic suffering in the Dispersion, and the other for its revelation of the creative artist's anguish and madness in a materialistic world.

BROM WEBER

Nationalities and National Minorities; With special reference to East-Central Europe, by Oscar I. Janowsky. With a foreword by James T. Shotwell. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1945. xix + 232 pp. \$2.75.

Prof. Janowsky's book deals with the problems of an area which has bred two World Wars and which, in spite of this, is still the least well known in this country among the world's great political regions. It is an area wherein the nation-state formula of the French revolution has wrought havoc with the natural texture of society. The coincidence of nation and territory, nowhere a plain fact, stands in glaring contradiction to reality in the countries of East-Central Europe. There, as Prof. Janowsky points out, the state was identified with the dynasty, Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, Romanoff, or Ottoman, and the dynasty ruled over many indigenous peoples who spoke various languages and adhered to divergent traditions. Modern nationalism, in such surroundings, was a divisive rather than a unifying force. National self-determination which had grown at the same pace with economic unity in the West, de-

stroyed economic unity and hence militated against its own success in the East.

The author does well to start his discussion of the staggering problems of this area by contrasting them with the problems of our multi-ethnic society in America. Our American Poles, Czechs, Greeks are not nationalities, but atomized splinters of former nationalities. They inhabit no territory of their own and have no political ambitions. They are mere agglomerations of individuals and the process of Americanization, therefore, digests individuals rather than corporate entities. Germanization, Russification, Magyarization, and Turkification, on the other hand, run counter to established folkhood which is rooted in the soil and replete with tradition. What we know as assimilation in America, and also in Western Europe, is oppression in the East. The conclusion is therefore reached that the national state of the West is unsuited to the multi-national population of East-Central Europe.

In the second part of the book, the author contrasts with the East-Central European confusion three examples of successful multi-national states, namely Switzerland, the Union of South Africa, and the Soviet Union. I have read these vividly written accounts, which form the core of the book's entire argument, with intense interest, but I am sure it would be a mistake to believe that the three stories of Switzerland, South Africa, and the Soviet Union can be repeated in East-Central Europe. Peoples, countries, regions are to be understood as so many cultural, political, geographical personalities, and while we may learn from comparison, we should not be misled into assuming that there is identity. Switzerland, in spite of petty administrative practices in former times, has never known national oppression, with all the rancor and resentment that remains as an evil heritage. The uneasy truce between Briton and Boer in South Africa can only be appreciated against the background of their common exploitation of the Bantu. It may safely be predicted that the truce will not hold if, for one reason or another, the conditions which brought it into being are removed. Finally, cultural autonomy in the Soviet Union, as the author realizes himself, has been a matter of form rather than of content. Essentially, it is the freedom of

reading Marx and Lenin in the Uzbek and Buriat tongues rather than in Russian. Historical nationalities, such as the Poles, Czechs, Magyars are likely to regard as curtailment what Uzbeks and Buriats considered as liberation.

Nonetheless, the example of the Soviet Union must be taken seriously because it shows that the class struggle can be made to supersede the strife of races and nationalities and that the unity thus achieved can be maintained in the face of the continued threat of outside intervention. This seems to indicate that the ills of East-Central Europe can be solved *à la Russe* only in the wake of a social revolution and in defiance of powers from outside the region that might try to interfere with both the socially revolutionary and the politically unifying aspects of the transformation. Since Russia opposes any total or even partial European Federation while Great Britain and the United States oppose decisive changes in social stratification, the outlook for peace and prosperity in East-Central Europe remains dim.

However, Prof. Janowsky's book ends on a more optimistic note than this. In Part Three he reviews first the experience with the systematic international machinery for the protection of minorities, as administered by the League of Nations, and proceeds then to analyzing the proposals for a solution that have come forth more recently. While he is sceptical with regard to minority treaties and rightly opposed to forced population transfers, he believes that a new approach, which he calls National Federalism, may hold out the hope of combining cultural autonomy with economic unity. Many good arguments, which betray an intimate knowledge of the peculiar problems of the region, are advanced here and their application to the situation of the Jews shows how much the Jewish problem is part and parcel of the general problem wherever we go. Conversely, the author's understanding of the Jewish problem enables him to view the general problem more properly. Unfortunately, however, as we have already shown, the general hope will yet have to suffer many disappointments before it is capable of fulfilment, while the aspect of the Jewish problem has changed entirely with the extinction of the former Jewish mass settlement in Eastern Europe.

The book has a foreword from Prof. James T. Shotwell, an excellent chart of Soviet Nationalities, appendices containing valuable documents, a selected bibliography, and a good index. It is one of the most thought-provoking books to read for Americans who wish to orient themselves intelligently with regard to our vexing obligations abroad.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

No Time For Silence, by Sylvia Lombroso. With introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Roy Publishers, New York. 1945. ix+166, pp. \$2.50.

The library of European autobiographies describing the Hitler years is increasing. Sylvia Lombroso, from a wealthy Venetian Jewish family, is the daughter-in-law of the famous criminologist Lombroso, her husband a former professor of medicine at the Universities of Palermo and Genoa. Her account, in diary form, of Italy under the anti-Jewish laws, is highly emotional and highly intelligent at the same time. It is the account of a sensitive upper class person who loves her intellectual freedom and her cultured home and sees herself cruelly deprived of both. She is ardently attached to Italy but somewhat removed from the lives of the common people. She describes vividly all the various signs of sympathy, indifference, and cowardliness which she encountered among the general population as reactions to the fate which had befallen the Jews. She succeeds in escaping the Nazi and Fascist bloodhounds with the aid of friends but she hears heartrending stories about the fate of others who were less fortunate. She lives through the anguish of battle in Florence when this beautiful medieval city is torn asunder in the violent strife between the Germans and the partisans who are finally joined by the Allied armies. But while her description of the plight of Italy is one of an active participant, her description of the plight of the Jews is only one of a remote observer. Her heart revolts at the cruel treatment which is meted out to them but she does not identify herself with the Jewish people. Her true feeling is best expressed when, after liberation has come, she says that "to make exceptions and grant special favors for the Jew is no way to repair past wrongs. The one possible reparation would be to restore the Jews completely to the life of the community

without differentiating them in any way, not even out of kindness."

At this point, the reviewer and the reader see clearly what the author could not see herself, namely that she speaks from the vantage point of those among Italian Jewry who, small in number, found themselves aided by friends in the hour of their greatest peril, and from the vantage point of a sheltered social position in addition. Her husband is now again Professor in Genoa. Her point of view is therefore well taken as far as her own life and future are concerned, but a person of Sylvia Lombroso's intelligence should have realized that nine out of ten Jews in Europe cannot possibly be "restored" to the life of their former communities, not even with the best of intentions on all sides. They must be integrated into the life of another community which is Jewish and their own.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN

An American Jew Speaks, by Dr. G. George Fox. The Falcon Press, Chicago. 208 pp. \$2.50.

Dr. George Fox's book, *An American Jew Speaks*, is both a history and a diagnosis of the disease which is anti-Semitism. I could wish that more Gentiles would read it than is likely to be the case. An intelligent book is read usually by intelligent readers, and really intelligent readers are by definition not anti-Semitic. To be bigoted and prejudiced is to be unintelligent. Yet, to be sure, there are many who are ignorant and uninformed, whose prejudices can be softened and even eradicated by a study of the facts. It is to be hoped that Dr. Fox's book will reach some of these and contribute its bit to our social enlightenment.

The dark history of religious bigotry has few blacker pages than the persecution of the Jews during the middle ages. The Jewish massacres of our day, even greater than those of earlier centuries, had a different ostensible cause—economic, racial, social. Whatever the cause, whether genuine or fictitious, the Jew has been the scapegoat for the brutal sins of professing Christians and national demagogues these hundreds of years. To read the history of these outrages is to marvel at the cruelty and stupidity of mankind. Perhaps we, their children, should not be held guilty for the sins of

our fathers but these are nonetheless visited upon us.

It is needless here to recount the history of the Jews in Europe and America, to cite their invaluable contributions to civilization, nor to list their undeserved sufferings. Dr. Fox sets these forth temperately and compellingly. He corrects many errors, the lies and slanders which still persist, the whispering campaigns which are still the propaganda weapons of unscrupulous demagogues, the little Hitlers who seek to corrupt the American mind. The book is an antidote for much of this. What it sets down has been told before and must be told again and again until, in good time, as all well-wishing men must believe, it is no longer needful to recount the old sorrowful tale.

The Gentile American reader, who is the one to whom this book is directed, should above all take home to himself this lesson: anti-Semitism if unchecked is a danger to him. Hitler cynically and unscrupulously made use of it for his own evil ends, to destroy the liberties of his own country and of the world. In these ends he partly succeeded. The same strategy can be employed again and at another time, even in the United States and now. Anti-Semitism is the symptom of a disease which can destroy civilization and the world. That we must never forget nor ever cease in our effort to eradicate it. Dr. Fox's book will help to medicine the sick soul of our society.

CARL GRABO

Civilization and Group Relationships. Edited by R. M. MacIver. Religion and Civilization Series of the Institute for Religious Studies. Harper. 1945. 177 pp. \$2.00.

In many ways this is a rather disappointing work. I do not know what, if anything, it adds to some of the other books which have already appeared in the Religion and Civilization Series—particularly such collections edited by Professor R. M. MacIver like *Group Relations and Group Antagonisms* or *Civilization and Group Relationships*. This book is a slender volume consisting of some thirteen lectures by various people. One is struck by the fact that so much of what appears here has already been said—said often and, occasionally, better.

The first article is by Dr. MacIver on "The Need for a Change of Attitude."

There are two points made here which are worth remembering: what counts is "the person not as property owner, not as a member of any class, not as the child of wealth or prestige, not as belonging to this or that race or group or religion, but the person as person;" and that information and facts alone are not enough, but that what is needed in addition is "a wide-spread re-education of our attitudes by a study of the social realities, confirming knowledge with understanding," so that there may ultimately be an "enlightenment of our attitudes."

Karl N. Llewellyn of Columbia contributes a lecture on "Group Prejudice and Social Education" which has a good deal to say about "we-attitudes" and "they-attitudes." This is followed by a disappointingly brief and general discussion by Eduard C. Lindeman on "Group Tensions in American Society." Joseph S. Roucek of Hofstra College has a rather interesting survey in his discussion of "Group Discrimination and Cultural Clash." Here again some of the facts are interesting, but are based much too much on other studies. Edmund de S. Brunner points up the basic problems with rather admirable succinctness in his discussion of "Groups and Educational Opportunity," but there are curious gaps and working of older materials in I. L. Kandel's essay on "Education and Group Advantage," James P. Gifford's "Group and Economic Advantage," Bishop H. St. George Tucker's "Religion and Minority Groups," and Rev. John LaFarge's "Religion and Group Tensions."

Somewhat more interesting to this reviewer were three or four other articles which merit a certain amount of discussion. Professor Robert S. Lynd of Columbia has a provocative essay on "Groups and Social Status" in which he makes a plea for a society which will "diversify achievement so as to encourage it in every (socially significant) line of human endeavor," and for the "extension of the democratic process to our economy," without which extension any attempts "to resolve things like anti-Semitism by building mutual understanding are largely just whistling in the wind." Mark Starr, the Educational Director of the ILGWU, has an excellent discussion of "Group Discrimination in Industry" with an

abundance of documentation and concrete illustration.

Equally excellent in a rather different way is Professor Donald R. Young's essay on "Democracy and Minority Groups," which ought to be required reading for many theorists in the intergroup field. Dr. Young points out the realistic, if distressing, fact that minority groups are defined by popular concepts rather than by the logical and scholarly investigations of anthropologists or psychologists. "... A person belongs to a minority group if the people of the community believe that he does. A person is a Negro if he is so regarded where he lives. The same may be said of an Indian, a Jew, or an American." Here Sociologist Young is probably too cavalier with his confreres in Anthropology and Psychology. After all, regardless of what the all-important Man on the Street believes, science is still science. But Young is more right than wrong in insisting on a more strictly sociological approach to a phenomenon which seems to be fundamentally sociological.

Young is skeptical of the value of "facts," or of legislation, or of direct action either by one minority group or by several in concert. Instead he appears to advocate a program which would "reduce the social visibility of our minorities," and which would proceed by a very subtle campaign that would make their activities "usual and matter-of-fact." It should not "emphasize differences." "The current campaign against anti-Semitism is wise in that it does not accentuate special Jewish contributions to modern civilization, does not needlessly publicize cases of discrimination, and does as little as possible to bring Jews to the attention of the nation as Jews." With respect to this specific point, there are at least two questions one might ask: whether this is actually the "current campaign against anti-Semitism," and whether, if so, it is "wise." They are two rather serious questions, just as the entire "solution" of Dr. Young, the old Promised Land of assimilation, is subject to serious question.

Perhaps the concluding essay in the book, that by Professor MacIver on "The Ordering of a Multi-Group Society," sums up in essence the confusion of the whole. What is needed, we are told, is social re-education so that we will think "not of the relations of individuals, but

of the relations of groups." But as we have seen, MacIver insisted at the outset of the book on an emphasis of "the person as person." This is typical of the confused perspective which one finds in this collection, a perspective which is pitched now in terms of cultural diversity and again in terms of assimilation. We have had confused, well-intentioned books like this before. It was not strictly necessary that we have another. What we really need is not one more book analyzing the various facets of intergroup relations but . . . But that is another review.

LEO SHAPIRO

Lincoln: The President. Dodd Mead & Co. Two vols. 834 pp. \$7.50.

J. G. Randall, Professor at the University of Illinois, is a recognized authority on American history, and has built for himself a fine reputation as a student and writer. His latest book, of which two volumes have now appeared, climaxes his previous splendid achievements.

To the general reader, Randall's work can be recommended unconditionally as well written and thoroughly authenticated. As a record of events it is complete, as reading matter pleasant and interesting, at times poetically eloquent. For fellow-students of the period, it offers a well-documented, up-to-date compendium, with complete references, a summing up of practically all the historical knowledge covering this subject of unending interest. The author has given infinite care to the study of the enormous material which forms the foundation of his work, and throughout maintains an attitude of scrupulous fairness, free from any party or sectional bias. Hero-worship should not be your path of approach, Randall advised biographers in one of his former essays. "Let all the truth be told, and if Lincoln emerges as a hero, well and good." No one will deny that the author has followed his own recipe, and that he bestows both praise and adverse criticism with impartiality and dignity.

Mr. Randall manages to bring into better focus several aspects of Lincoln's Presidential years which heretofore have been neglected by historians. The Hitchcock episode at the outbreak of the Civil War is an outstanding example. Yet the author has not unearthed many startling new facts; instead he brings into play a search-

ing mind and a thoroughly scholarly procedure.

Not everything in the book deserves unstinted praise, however. In the opinion of this reviewer, Dr. Randall, an author of experience and renown, should, among other things, have exercised more restraint in recapitulating tales which already have been told many times. A mere reference to books available in every library, would have been sufficient. Lincoln's Springfield farewell speech and his clandestine trip to the capital prior to his inauguration are by this time as well known as the story of Washington's cherry tree. Moreover, if a book is called *Lincoln: The President*, would it not have been preferable to start with Lincoln's arrival in Washington in 1861, rather than precede it by an astonishing number of introductory pages? The lengthy discussion of the Rutledge legend in a book allegedly devoted to Lincoln's incumbency in the White House also is of questionable pertinency.

In his preface, Randall surmises that "certain accepted ideas on Lincoln and his period will probably be upset in the following pages." This reviewer has looked in vain for instances of this kind, unless one wishes to accept his stand on McClellan or Ann Rutledge as typical. But McClellan has always been a controversial subject, and few historians have taken the Rutledge romance at face value. The author says he hopes "to give the reader some basis for forming his own judgement," yet his treatment of debatable subjects is such that one wonders if this is his strongest or his weakest point. While it is laudable not to force one's convictions on the reader, this principle can be carried too far. To illustrate: the theory has been advanced that McClellan's peninsular campaign was sabotaged by Stanton, because the Northern Radicals, with whom Lincoln's Secretary of War was allied, did not want to win the war in 1862, for fear of losing their political supremacy. Randall side-steps a discussion of this theory, but offers none other in its stead. Likewise, he attempts no explanation for the strange appointment of General Halleck as general in chief and his subsequent retention in office, although it is universally conceded—with Randall concurring—that he was totally unfit for the position.

For a moment it seems that the author was tempted to go beyond his academic reserve, by quoting Senator Sumner, who thought, though "it seemed too atrocious

to be admitted," that opposition to McClellan was motivated by a political object—the interest of a political party;" McClellan was to be sacrificed, and perhaps also his army, because "the politicians in control of the Government had an ulterior object in view, more important in their estimation than the restoration of the Union, viz. that... the war should not cease till slavery was abolished."

At this point Mr. Randall drops the matter. How could he? How could he pose such a momentous question without attempting to answer it? It has been treated by other authors, with all its startling implications and hence been made the subject of much heated argument. Randall's readers will feel that he should have stated his own views. The Halleck problem, which also calls urgently for an explanation, he disposes of in a few lines. "One could find a far better basis for complaint concerning Halleck's performance... than concerning McClellan's. Yet McClellan was demoted... while Halleck was... lifted to the surprising eminence of general in chief." Does the author's use of the word, "surprising," not demand some elucidation? When this same Halleck removed Hooker as commanding general just a few hours before the climactic battle of Gettysburg, Randall rejects the idea that this extraordinary act was due to a sudden flare-up between these two men, but thinks it had been "ordained" weeks before it was put into effect with what "seemed like breathtaking promptness." Even tyros in history will by this time suspect that there was something rotten in the nation's capital, and that some sort of plot was afoot in its highest circles. Randall's critical opinion on these puzzling issues, together with his reasons, should certainly not have remained locked up in his mind.

It is hardly enough to say, as Randall does in the foreword, that "the problems are so challenging—so complex, that re-examination and rewriting have become a necessity..." Re-examinations and rewriting do not suffice, and problems will remain complex, unless the examiner proclaims the results of his analyses. The mere statement of a problem without the author's conclusions adds to the reader's perplexity rather than dispels it. In the case of the afore-mentioned theory that the Radicals did everything in their power to delay the ending of the War, Randall does not even state the problem, (except

by quotation), leave alone discuss or solve it. Hence, this chapter tends toward retrogression, not progress in historical writing.

The author's evasiveness is the stranger, as he does not hesitate to express decidedly unorthodox views at other times. His selection of best Lincoln books in this bibliography, for example, assuredly will cause many to raise their eyebrows in amazement.

Professor Randall has all the qualities required to record Lincoln's Presidential years in a form that other authors will find difficult to surpass. The first two volumes are excellent, in spite of the drawbacks mentioned, but the author has not reached the highest possible summit to which he can rise. If he will stand by his own promise not to hesitate in upsetting accepted ideas, if he will be as frankly critical regarding the work of other historians as he is regarding his subject matter, his remaining two volumes are destined to justify the hope of his many friends, that he will write a book of such merit that it will stand as a monument to his name for many years to come.

OTTO EISENSCHIML

Reunion in Poland, by Jean Karsavina. Drawings by Lynd Ward. International Publishers. 126 pages. \$1.85.

Climbing Our Family Tree, by Alex Novikoff. Illustrated by John English. International Publishers. 95 pages. \$1.85.

Americans All, by Oscar Leonard. Illustrated by Ellen Simon. Behrman's Jewish Book House. 232 pages. \$2.50.

Should children's books teach the facts about "race"?

"If we allow ourselves to let creative writing become subservient to propaganda in story form we will only...turn the children away from the fine art of reading," says Mary Gould Davis, children's book editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*.^{*} "How absurd it all is anyway—this argument that stories and pictures stir the children to conscious tolerance—or intolerance."

That is one point of view.

On the other hand, several children's books have recently appeared, which, in the reviewer's opinion, demonstrate effec-

tively that children's books can present the truth about "race" and, at the same time, make delightful and absorbing reading.

Jean Karsavina's novel, "Reunion in Poland" tells the story of sixteen-year-old Wanda Gorska, non-Jewish Polish refugee, who comes home from Moscow to liberated Warsaw. One of Wanda's special friends in her travels is the young Polish Jewess Stella Rosentahl:

She was one of the loveliest girls Wanda knew. Very fair, very blonde, with a small straight nose and fine dark brows. Put her in peasant dress, and she could pose for a national poster. Yet in the Poland of her childhood, girls like Stella had been ill-treated for no other reason than that they were Jews.

Stella is married to Alfred, a young Jewish engineer, who assists Wanda's father in reconstruction work. Wanda and Stella are constantly together, Stella being an "older sister" kind of friend to Wanda. For many young American readers, Stella is probably the first heroine they have met in their reading who is Jewish and yet with whom they can readily identify themselves.

One day Polish saboteurs try to dynamite the car in which Stella's husband and Wanda's father are riding....

There were swastikas painted all over the car. And in big letters THIS MACHINE DRIVEN BY A DIRTY JEW.

Wanda is deeply shocked by this. And so, too, is the reader, who, by this time, has grown very fond of the charming young Jewish couple.

The author is not afraid, either, to tell exactly whom these saboteurs represent: Wanda's father shows her a folded sheet which says:

Godfearing Poles, your legal government is in exile. It calls on you from across the sea to resist the Jews and their Soviet friends! Resist the draft law! The only army to join is our own Home Army!

The saboteurs are put on trial, and Wanda's father decides to appear as a witness because, as he says, "Alfred is a Jew. I'm not. But it was together that they tried to kill us. We should be present at the trial together."

The imaginative drawings by Lynd Ward help the reader to visualize the characters and the country. Jean Karsavina's writing has both simplicity and true delicacy of feeling.

Using a very different technique of educating children about "race" is the

^{*} Issue of November 10, 1945, page 48.

slim volume called *Climbing our Family Tree*. Written by Alex Novikoff, instructor in biology at Brooklyn College, it tells the wonderful true story of the evolution of life on earth, from the first one-celled living thing to modern man.

And this is how the development of "race" is explained:

Remember what Darwin figured happened to the birds of the Galapagos when they were isolated on one or another of the islands? They began to develop all sorts of small differences, although they remained generally the same. That is just what happened to men when they became isolated from each other long ago.... Wherever men went they lived in ways that suited the climate and geography of the particular place where they settled. For a long time they continued to look pretty much alike. Then there developed differences—in their skin color, in the shape of their heads and in other minor physical features....

Scientists use the word "races" in speaking of such groups which belong to the same species but which differ from each other in certain inherited features.

Mr. Novikoff has accomplished the literary achievement of writing a book that both adults and children can find delightful. There is no talking down, no prettified appeal to the so-called "child's mind." Here is, simply, reality. The nearly two hundred illustrations by John English serve further to bring this material to life.

Americans All by Oscar Leonard, tells the proud history of the Jewish people in America. In a series of dramatic chapters on the life stories of Jewish men and women from colonial times to the present, Grandfather tells Benny how Jews helped to build our country....

We see Aaron Lopez, being warned by his friend to leave his native Portugal, because the Inquisition suspects he is a Marano. He comes to America and, in 1759, lays the cornerstone of the first Jewish house of worship in this country—the Newport Synagogue. Then we meet the young French Jew, Benjamine Nones. Although it was exceptional for a Jew to go to a university in the France of his time, Benjamine is admitted, partly because of his brilliance and partly because he is aided by his influential friends. Stirred by the prospect of a new land where all Jews can be truly free, the young student gives up his career, and travels to the New World. We later hear of him as the famous Major Nones, one of Washington's officers, often called "the Jewish Lafayette...."

We find out how the city of Castroville in Texas came to be named after Henry Castro, another French Jew. Here too is the life story of Samuel Gompers, who immigrated to the United States from the slums of London, and later became the founder of the modern American trade union movement.

And so on down through the years, we read how the Jews of many lands interwove their destinies with the young expanding America.

To many Jewish children in our country today, their Jewishness is a hurt, something which sets them apart from their companions. Their parents tell them "You should be proud you are a Jew." But mere words are sterile, unless buttressed by knowledge on which to base a sense of pride. Since the public schools do not teach these facts, such books as *Americans All* fill a genuine need.

LILLIAN WACHTEL

Plainville, U. S. A., by James West (pseud.). Columbia University Press, New York. 1945. 226 pp. \$2.75.

As more Americans come to be city dwellers, it becomes increasingly easy to discount the "simple" problems of rural life as compared to the complexities of urban living. The urbanite, whose closest contact with small town or rural life is a forty-mile-an-hour view of farm country, or a two weeks vacation, or the view from a speeding train regards rural society as dwindling and as increasingly unimportant. For such as these *Plainville, U. S. A.* provides a complete and intimate picture of life in a small town as it appears through the eyes of a cultural anthropologist, trained to observe the organization of behavior and thought in a community.

The resident of the city who has spent his early years in a small town or rural society will react to this volume with "But I know all that." And he probably does. He has probably lived through much of the pattern here described—the chores and religion, the modesty and bathing in the tub in the kitchen, the neighborliness and the infinity of social distinctions even a town of two or three hundred can make.

"Plainville" is an unidentified small town in a rural county some place in the midwest. It has no connections with large cities except a highway leading to a city

of 60,000 some seventy miles away. The nearest "metropolis" is a city of nearly half a million 130 miles to the north. Total population for the community is some 275 though it is a center for about 200 farms clustered about it.

Not only does Plainville still represent a considerable part of the American population, but it provides a great number of those who fill the ranks of city dwellers, and it is this double barrelled situation that creates many of the problems facing this rural society. Its institutions are caught between the need to perpetuate itself and develop its own human and cultural resources and the inescapable fact that a good part of its youth will eventually move to a city with a sack of cultural equipment which is of dubious value in the whirl of urban life. Plainville is a poor rural area and those who leave for the city are almost completely recruited into the urban working class. This fact makes even more important some knowledge on the part of unions and those interested in the adequate workings of a democratic society in order to integrate these migrants from America's Plainvilles.

The traditional culture of Plainville has suffered intense, prolonged, and continuing shocks as new tools, new ideas, new patterns of thought and action have intruded. The car, the radio, the city newspaper and magazine have brought to this slow moving culture a whole series of new and different possibilities of thought and action. The old order suffers under the jolts, and attempts to assimilate these innovations with a minimum of discomfort and change. But the way of rural life is changing and events of the post-1933 period, in the form of federal action, have accelerated the process.

West, whose real name is not divulged in order to preserve the anonymity of the community, has here presented a picture of life in Plainville as it appeared in 1939-40, exposing its details and intimacies, underlining the unstated and taken-for-granted rules that define and channel behavior. Here is the physical background of rural life, the people one knows and plays and works with, the religious life, the pattern of youth and childhood, the things that go with life and death. Here is "Our Town," scientifically and objectively described. It is such an overall objective view, in fact, that one wonders

what the dominant motives, the key drives of these people are. In exposing all the details, and, as an anthropologist, in grasping the patterns which those who live them cannot grasp because of their own involvement, he fails adequately to characterize the integrating and unifying elements, such as they are, which dominate this culture. In that sense, perhaps, "Our Town" is better analysis.

Plainville is taking the intrusions of the outside world via the radio, the county agent, and AAA, etc., now accepting, now rejecting, as its culture dictates. But its problems reach out beyond its geographical boundaries. Not only does it face the conflict of new versus old, of tradition versus innovation, but here is a part of a too sodden mass which must be activated to intelligent community and political action. Its education is adapted neither to its own needs nor to the needs of those who migrate to the cities. Its old-line organizations and its religions have lost much of their hold. Its old habits are being questioned while new ones seek acceptance.

Just as its unsettling is largely a product of outside influences, so will its reintegration on some new level depend upon what is brought to it and how it is brought. Plainville's culture can be deliberately reconstructed if one knows where and how to begin, and this study gives one many clues and suggestions. Plainville is a responsibility of the nation—waiting some idea and program that thrusts America forward to a self-conscious state of intelligent action.

ELY CHINYOY

Jews In Palestine, by Abraham Revusky. New revised edition. Bloch Publishing Co. 363 pp. \$3.75.

Grim indeed has been the task of the Jewish sociologist in recent years. His has been the obligation to count the corpses of Buchenwald and number the starving remnant of Roumania. At best he might hope to record the number of intermarriages in Moscow or the progress of anti-Semitism in Illinois. The sociology of the Jew is the congealing in facts and figures of the illness and death of a people.

One turns with relief and joy to this pleasant volume by Abraham Revusky. How delightful to learn that lemon trees

are on the increase in Palestine! How charming to read that "hope is likewise held out for avocados!" Revusky is engaged in an uplifting and significant enterprise: to capture by charts and numbers the story of the rebirth of a people. The book is an encyclopedia of modern Palestine, a guidebook to the Jewish homeland.

For this task Revusky is exceedingly well fitted. He is equipped with all the apparatus of modern sociology, and labors with the love of a pioneer. His is no long-distance *halutziut*; he writes out of careful investigation and personal experience. No wonder, then, that his first book on Palestine, superseded by this volume, has for years been regarded as a classic.

The straightforward, univocal, vigorous prose is marred by two seeming misstatements. Revusky should not apply the term "fanatic" to the *Haluka* and Sephardic inhabitants of Palestine. He betrays in this designation (applied with infinitely more justice by him to the Mufti of Jerusalem) a lack of sympathy for the Jews whose religious zeal prompted them to sacrifice much simply to live in the land they considered holy. Their sacrifice is neither as patent nor as rewarding as that of their successors in Palestine, but it symbolizes the Jewish longing for Zion. In addition, Revusky fails, in the opinion of this reviewer, to disprove or to mitigate the alleged Fascism of the Revisionists. The volume is not improved by the photographs of Palestine which lack the exuberance and significance of the text, and much of the material of Chapters III and IV is repeated in Chapter XVI. These minor flaws should be corrected in the next edition of the book.

The picture which Revusky paints is a moving and enheartening one. A Jewish-owned cow produced 8880 quarts of milk in 323 days. (Let those who say we cannot be farmers hold their peace!) Jewish industry has grown from a value of £585,000 in 1922 to an invested capital of £18,500,000 in 1942. (Where now are the scorners and the doubters?). Most of the collective farms, maintaining their socialism in unsullied purity, are now operating at a profit. The "normalization" of the Jewish population has proceeded apace. 13% of the Jews of Palestine are engaged in commerce; in pre-Hitler Germany the figure was 49%. The cooperative movement is an unqualified success. There is one cooperative for every 550

Jews, and in socialized medicine Palestine is fifty years ahead of the United States. The principle of trade unionism has received unparalleled support, and the unionists have responded with a vision and liberalism rare in the modern world. The industrial unions of Palestine actually *encourage* immigration, establish farms, and support cultural institutions. There is no conflict in Palestine between the farmer and the industrial worker. Their goal is the same: the dignity of labor and the dignity of the Jew.

What we smugly call "culture" flourishes brilliantly in Palestine. There are only a quarter of a million people in Tel Aviv, but there are *nine* daily papers—in Hebrew. There is a world-famous orchestra in Jerusalem, and three theatre groups which devote themselves to classics as well as modern plays. And on Mt. Scopus there is a new Temple, a University whose clinics cure Arab children's illnesses and whose biology laboratories search out the secrets of the earth of Palestine.

In recent years, the University has added a department of Bible, of Jewish Philosophy, and of Talmud. The Bible is taught in the secondary schools of the cities and the colonies; it is read aloud on the radio. The holy things and the holy books of the people of Israel are again fluent in the mouths of our young.

Throughout the book runs one streak of sorrow, one blemish on the record of the green and growing and beautiful. It is the British role in Palestine. Lest we forget the long tradition of British duplicity in Palestine, Revusky sears it into his pages. The Balfour declaration was made purposely ambiguous to confuse and disappoint the Jewish people. The British government is willing to support the education of its Jewish subjects in Palestine only to the extent of ten percent of the expense. Anti-Semitism in the colonial offices is notorious. While the clerks and the functionaries wrangled, Jewish men and women sank into the Mediterranean with the *Struma* and the *Patria*. Anti-Fascist Jews were refused their own army, and went to die, anyway, in the forces of their masters. And now, after their and Britain's victory is won, those who can go home go stunned by the talk of a monthly dribble of immigrants and the permanent blocking of the Jewish Commonwealth.

Palestine is a land of problems. But,

more than that, it is a land of hope and promise and glory. To every lover of Zion this book will be a letter from a friend about one's beloved. For those not yet convinced Zionists, every page is a plea and an irrefutable demonstration.

ARNOLD JACOB WOLF

The Perennial Philosophy, by Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers, 1945. 312 pp. \$3.00.

Contrary to what the title of this latest volume from the pen of Aldous Huxley would lead one to expect, *The Perennial Philosophy* is not concerned with philosophy—as this term is almost universally used—at all. And, in fact, in his very “introduction” Mr. Huxley not merely frankly admits but almost brags about the fact that his present anthology “contains but few extracts from the writings of professional men of letters and . . . hardly anything from the professional philosophers.”

In terms of the practically universal usage of the word “philosophy,” and in view of the particular content of the present book, the title of this book is definitely a misnomer. (It has always been an interesting phenomenon to note how many people desire to use the term “philosophy” for whatever their own particular brand of theory or interpretation might be.) The book should have borne the title: *The Perennial Mysticism*. However, I can readily understand the publisher's reaction to such a—truthful—title. For, of course, under that title it would have been exceedingly difficult to market the book. Be this as it may, Huxley has here given us an anthology from the writings of the great mystics of the East and of the West, together with his own running “commentary, . . . designed to illustrate and connect, to develop and, where necessary, to elucidate.”

In twenty-seven chapters, dealing with *The 'Ultimate Ground,'* its nature and being, and with man's relationship and attitude towards that ‘Ultimate Ground,’—which, of course, is God—, and with the various experiences of that ‘Ultimate Ground’ by the great mystics of the past 3000 years, Mr. Huxley brings together, in a rather more satisfactory fashion than might be held possible, many of the finest passages of profound mystical insight and experience garnered from the various religious seers and prophets of the world.

Moreover, Huxley's own running commentary actually succeeds in making the anthology interesting, even to readers who themselves may be quite blind to either the meaning or significance of mystical experience. This is a real achievement in itself. One ventures to predict that *The Perennial Philosophy* will get more people in the English-speaking world interested in mysticism than have ever before taken any interest in it.

This is not to say, however, that such a wide-spread interest in mysticism is necessarily a good thing. True enough, the conditions Mr. Huxley mentions as necessary for the real direct experience and apprehension of God—namely: to “make one's self loving, pure in heart, and poor in spirit—, are worthy of achievement on the part of anyone and at any time in human history. But it does not follow from this admission that everyone who fulfils these conditions will or ought to become a mystic.

In fact, in the light of the world situation by which we find ourselves confronted in these weeks and months following immediately upon World War II, about the only justifiable thing which can be said either for the mysticism advocated by Mr. Huxley or even for the appearance of this book at such a time is that it provides a more or less satisfactory way of escape from the necessity of having to face the hard and tragic realities of this hour in human history. Periods of great stress and of undue crisis have always produced an unusually large number of mystical writings; because in such crisis-situations individuals and groups have always found it “spiritually helpful” to escape into the final safety and ultimate security of some “World-Ground” or God. “Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me *hide* myself in thee!”

Unfortunately, however, it seems also to be true that the individuals and groups who thus manage to run away from the crisis of this world in order to find refuge in the “perennial rock” of the ‘Ultimate Ground’ are and have been quite incapable of getting to work on dealing with the immediate problems of the prevailing crisis. True enough, they always have a very good reason—or, at any rate, rationalization—for this inability of theirs to cope with the major pressing problems here and now. For they are, of course, concerned only with eternity, with things that last, with ultimate Reality; why,

therefore, should they be bothered with such trifling matters as the passing crisis of mundane affairs in the lives of, after all, swiftly passing men, nations, or even ages?

And there the matter must rest. For, obviously, my criticism of either the value or the timeliness of Huxley's latest book finally rests upon a rather fundamental difference in point of view. As a—yes, even “professional”—philosopher, the present reviewer still happens to be of the opinion that the problems of the world must be tackled and met by the use of the best intelligence, reason, and application of scientific information of which man is capable. That this intelligence, reason and science will have to be used by “men of good will,” if humanity is to find her way out of the present chaos and morass, the reviewer stands quite ready not merely to admit but even to insist. But the “good will” must be “towards men” as well as towards God. And merely to lose one's self in the contemplation of the ‘Ultimate Ground’ may indeed lead to a very highly developed inner spiritual life of self-discipline and what have you; but in itself it may be as sterile of any actual effect upon one's fellowmen and upon society as, indeed, the lives of the overwhelming majority of mystics were thus sterile. In other words, if Mr. Huxley insists upon proceeding in the direction in which he has been more and more going in his recent books, he may, indeed, become a seer and a saint, and even a very good man, but his personal goodness may turn out, in the final analysis, to have been good for nothing—so far as society and the welfare and future of humanity on this planet are concerned.

PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP

Palestine, Problem and Promise, an Economic Study, by Robert R. Nathan, Oscar Gass and David Creamer. Public Affairs Press, 675 pp. \$5.00.

This large volume, the result of nearly five years of intensive study by several scholars, was initiated by the American Palestine Institute, a non-partisan research organization and was financed by pro- and anti-Zionists. Its purpose is “An authoritative and objective appraisal of the economic potentialities of Palestine.”

It is vastly more than that. *Palestine, Problem and Promise* affords the first comprehensive pattern of all the forces—

historical, social, and political—responsible for the phenomenon that is Palestine today, much that it was in yesteryears and what it could, or *might be*, a decade or more hence.

The persecution of Eastern Jewry, since 1880, evoked among them increased interest in Palestine first as a haven of refuge and later as a probable permanent home. Hitlerism made the choice of Palestine inevitable. World Jewry supplied the capital to help carry on the burdens of the pioneers. In 1914 there were but eighty-five thousand Jews in this corner of the Middle East; today there are six hundred thousand people. The authors postulate a figure of 1,125,000 settlers or more, by 1956. This volume is offered to prove that such a number, subject to factors extraneous to the will of the Jew, is practicable.

In terms of European standards—whether pre- or post-World War II—Jewish Palestine is today a prosperous land. England, its “mother” country, owes it over four hundred million dollars. Its economy is no longer one of subsistence only. To expand, however, Palestine must have more man power. Without the influx of more labor potentials, the Arabs will eventually submerge the present residents of Palestine.

The needed number of people essential to strengthen the economy of the country—a half million—is immediately available. These are the remnants of Jewry in all corners of Europe who, somehow, escaped Hitler's murder factories. It is the authors' finding that funds necessary to entrench the pioneer in his new environment will be made available. Jewry in lands untouched or least affected by World War II excesses is anxious to help. The American Jewry, generously responsive, has shown that it is sympathetic with the Zionist ideal; also, in the final accounting with Germany for the depredations and destruction of their property, the Jew expects to present claims against the Third Reich to the extent of two billion dollars.

With an increase in the Jewish population, there will not be, in the considered judgment of the authors, “any pressure on the Arabs to leave Palestine. On the contrary, within the limits of the economic adaptation possible in a decade, the more Jews there are in Palestine the more room there will be for the Arabs. Jewish development will bring capital

and skills into the country." Also, "strife in Palestine between Jews and Arabs can be minimized through intensive development of the economic potentialities of the country."

But a pitifully small fraction of the land promised the Jew by the Balfour Declaration has been allotted to him; hundreds of thousands of more acres, immediately adjacent to the soil already cultivated, lie fallow. England circumscribes the land purchases of the Jewish pioneer lest the Arab frown upon Britain.

There is close and minute examination of the Palestinian resources—a detailed ten-year plan that would, if realized, accelerate the economic development of the country and make of Palestine an outpost of Western culture without being an outpost of Western imperialism.

There is, however, a lugubrious "if" in the authors' summary of conclusions. While confident that the tenacity of the pioneers will redeem the Jewish homeland, the ultimate fate of such a prospect is in hands other than those of the ambitious settler. The current answer lies within Britain. Will she permit, unchecked and unchallenged, the mounting hostility of the Arabs to the aspirations of the Jew? It is the Arabs' position that the Jew, today, is a potential threat to Arabian nationhood. That, the Jewish pioneers reply, is but the opinion of a small section of the Arabs, the landed proprietors, and not of the rank and file of the Arabian workers, who benefit greatly from the sojourn of the Jew in Palestine.

Contemporary England would hold with the Arab and lend its might to thwart the growth of the Jew; Palestine is but a small part of the Middle East, within whose borders there are forty mil-

lion inhabitants in various states of civilization. In the Middle East there are Egypt, Iran, Irak, and unpredictable Turkey. There are tremendous deposits of gas and oil, and there is, as ever, England's tender concern for the capitalists at home. The authors say of England's stewardship, "A conception of government which involved a positive responsibility for social and economic betterment . . . has not been conspicuous in the actual operation of the government of Palestine."

Above all, there is England's concern with Russia's designs upon the Middle East. Russia borders upon Iran; Russia is keeping a wary eye upon the future exploitation of the Middle East and doubtless will persist in taking a hand in its development, social and political. Whether a clash between England and Russia is to be avoided will depend upon the United States and above all else, upon the vitality and the potency of the United Nations Organization.

In any civilized scheme for peaceful development of the Middle East the Jew will be one of the beneficiaries; else the miracle that is Palestine will cease to exist. The authors of this volume made it plain, however, that in pursuance of the realization of his dream the Jew will not be dislodged from his hard won gains, either by the duplicity of England or the hostility of the Arab. The Jew is there to live—and die, if need be, to maintain that which he has already fashioned into a homeland.

No work on Palestine may stand comparison with this monumental volume. *Palestine, Problem and Promise* is unique in conception and admirable in execution. It is literally indispensable for the appreciation and understanding of the phenomenon that is Palestine.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

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